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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

King Haakon of Norway was crowned at Trondhjem on Friday. There is a romance about this event pleasant to consider. Trondhjem is a beautiful old city, beyond comparison more interesting than Christiania, and set in a noble scene; perhaps no rulers of modern times have had a grander natural pageant for their coronation day than King Haakon and his English wife; and few have come to the throne amid so loyal and enthusiastic a people as the Norwegians undoubtedly are to-day. The King of Norway's powers are very strictly limited; constitutionalism can perhaps no further go than in Norway to-day; but his possibilities of influence, like those of our own Royal Family, are great.

In Russia it would seem now that the opposition between the Government and the Douma is forming the occasion for the revolutionary propaganda to revive once more; just as it was the denial of its initial demands as to the Douma which gave the revolutionaries their pretext. Again it is necessary to look suspiciously on reports of disaffection in the army and navy and to doubt the institution of the general strike. Correspondents who represent anti-Government views distort whatever disorder exists into signs of a coming revolution, in which the Government are of course to be worsted. The horrible massacre of Jews at Bialystok is inconsistently explained either as deliberately provoked by the Government, or as due to its inability to deal with growing anarchy. It is safer just to say that the Ministry has not resigned and that nobody knows what will happen if it does. Sir Edward Grey gives model answers to the foolish busybodies who would have the British Government interfere in Russia's internal affairs, on which even the Government can only have imperfect information.

The week has been remarkable in the French Chamber for a duel of rhetoric between M. Clemenceau and M. Jaurès. Radicalism and Socialism have put forward their two most distinguished parliamentarians. Both parties admit that the business could not have been done better. Yet as the Chamber voted that M. Clemenceau's and not M. Jaurès' oration should be placarded through France, it is evident where the practical victory lay. M. Clemenceau had the easier task. M. Jaurès has a theory too far off to be attractive. He wants to benefit Frenchmen in a way they do not understand. M. Clemenceau quotes to show that the movement towards the goal of Socialism is everything, the ultimate aim nothing; and his point is that his Government is in the movement and its programme will give what Frenchmen want without M. Jaurès' Socialism. M. Jaurès has edited enormous volumes to show that the Revolution implied Socialism. M. Clemenceau much more reasonably claims the Revolution as aiming at opposite results: an effective retort in France. The upshot is that M. Clemenceau tells M. Jaurès and the Socialists that if they choose to make difficulties with the Government they will not be considered, and the Republic can be run without them.

Our German visitors of the press arrived on Wednesday and settled down to the ordinary banqueting and junkettings which we always arrange for our foreign guests. There are forty-eight of them, and we wonder what sort of a British team will be arranged to return the visit. Our editors perhaps are not so academically distinguished, nor so literary, as the Germans, who are mostly Doctors—not of the medical variety but Juristen largely we should suppose—and have acquired more than journalistic reputation. The British editor we imagine a better man of business; but not so learned as his German confrère. The editors still in the Fatherland are making unnecessarily solemn comments on the visit. One of them drags in the visit of the British fleet to the Baltic; and another refuses to attach "any real significance in political respects to it". We fancy the editors who are here, both German and British, understand well enough that to be friendly and have a good time is all that both parties are thinking of. When all is over they can resume their talk about the British fleet.

It is a relief by the way to feel that the pro-British view of things cannot have been put offensively to our German guests. From the moment they landed—ere they landed indeed—they have been waited on by such discreet representatives of English feeling and empire as Mr. Byles, Mr. Stead and Mr. Leo Weintal.

For a "private" affair the deputation on Chinese labour which waited on the Prime Minister on Tuesday has been fairly well advertised. A large mare's nest has been found. It is said that the repatriation proclamation was so badly translated that the real intentions of his Majesty's Government, whatever they were, have not been made known to the coolies. Only in some such way can Ministers hope to account for the obtuseness of slaves who reject proffered liberty at the expense of the Imperial exchequer. Eight thousand licences have yet to be used. The Prime Minister warns the mine-owners that if crime increases, he and his colleagues will have seriously to reconsider the matter. If there be any truth in the report that unskilled white labour is now seeking employment in the mines, the explanation no doubt is to be found to some extent in the policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government which has affected business in South Africa so disastrously that white men have to take what they can get or starve. We are not at all impressed by the assurance that this shows the hollowness of the pretence that white men will not do the unskilled work of the mines.

Mr. Rider Haggard's colonisation scheme is unanimously rejected by the committee appointed to report on his proposals. Colonisation is distinguished from emigration, and the committee clearly are pronounced individualists. That to take bodies of men from English cities and dump them down on Canadian territory is to invite failure may be regarded as pretty certain, but instances of thoroughly successful efforts at colonisation are not hard to find. The old New Zealand Company had to contend against serious difficulties but New Zealand was set going in that very way. Whilst however the committee cannot endorse Mr. Rider Haggard's suggestion, the majority recommend that the Imperial authorities should make grants in aid of plans for emigration under the Unemployed Workmen's Act. Two members object altogether to state action, and the effect of the report must be to discourage any large scheme for sending men and women to the colonies.

With the best intentions President Roosevelt has not been able to get Congress to accept a Bill which will restore confidence in the American meat trade to foreign nations. The inspection of animals and of factories will be delusive. It is to be paid for by Government and what money is granted will depend on votes at the disposal of the meat interests. There will be no control over preservatives nor over the fraud of putting new labels on refurbished-up tins containing rubbish boiled over again. When the packers and their friends on the Agricultural Committee of the House of Representatives saw that some legislation could not be prevented, they set themselves to make it illusory and to raise a false confidence. American canned meat must remain as suspect as it is now and there is no protection from it except by not eating it; a very serious business for numberless poor people.

While we are all only too justly indignant at the Chicago and similar revelations in America, it would be well to look at home. Medical officers and inspectors have been prompted by the American scandals to make reports showing that a large trade is done here in diseased animals; and that there is many a prosperous go-between of farmers and slaughtermen for the disposal of unfit carcasses. All agree that the small slaughter-houses ought to be abolished, as they give opportunities for evading inspection which can only be stopped by public abattoirs. There are small places where food is prepared in London quite as noisome as any in Chicago, and where the materials used are as filthy in every respect. The Stepney medical officer states that enormous quantities of tinned Colonial meats are destroyed

there annually. It seems that in any case all tinned products are likely to become unfit for use. Only inspection under the largest legal powers can reduce the danger to a minimum.

The Prime Minister made his guillotine statement on Monday, and of course a violent debate followed. In these fencing bouts over closure, as over obstruction, the performers must feel that they are simply professional advocates, now for one side, now for the other. Every move, every attitude, is perfectly well known, indeed prescribed, beforehand. Mr. Asquith has the humour to see this; a professional advocate would; and apparently he did not think it worth while to pretend to be in earnest. Not so the others. Sir Henry and Mr. Balfour laid on lustily. In this case Mr. Balfour was able to establish this difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, that Sir Henry was compressing Committee stage far more ruthlessly than Conservatives did in 1902. But really outside the House nobody cares either way. Clauses 2 and 3 have been got through.

Mr. Birrell refused to enlighten the House as to the nature of the bridge he was to construct to span the gap between the possible refusal of an education authority to take over a Church school, and the direction to that authority to allow the school particular facilities for special religious teaching. Probably his obstinacy, which made the discussion of clauses perfectly futile, was due to his not knowing what he meant to do all the week. The amendments were printed in yesterday's parliamentary papers. Mr. Channing and Mr. S. T. Evans have been showing a terribly rebellious spirit, practically notifying the Minister in charge that if he goes much further in the way of concession to the Opposition he will have to do without their assistance: and then where will he be? The nonconformists do not like the idea of denominational teaching taking place in transferred Church schools possibly every morning, which Mr. Birrell, on Mr. Balfour's exposition, has discovered that his Bill fully admits of, though he did not contemplate it.

And Mr. Birrell has announced that the Government have an open mind on the question of religious teaching being within or without school hours. Their Bill, which to the innocent might be thought to express their mind, was explicit enough, forbidding any compulsion on a parent to send his child to school during the time given to religion—but the clause, we are told, is not to be taken as representing the mind of the Government. It is plainer than ever that nothing any of our present Ministers may say is indicative of what he may mean. Lord Robert Cecil moved a useful amendment, providing for denominational teaching when a certain number—he happened to put it at fifteen—of the parents of children in a transferred Church school required it. This raised once more the real answer to the Bill—if you take our schools you must give us universally the power to teach our own children in religion. The plea is so obviously fair that Liberals can never discuss it without an unseemly exhibition of heat. On Wednesday Sir William Robson was so offensive that many on his own side openly expressed their regret at his unseemly language.

Mr. Justice Grantham's preliminary remarks on himself in giving judgment in the Bodmin petition, where Mr. Agar-Robartes was unseated, received the best comment from his own colleague, Mr. Justice Lawrence, who told him from the Bench that he was sorry he had made any allusion to the subject of Yarmouth. Mr. Justice Grantham does more harm to himself by his want of restraint than the motion in the House of Commons can do him. The Prime Minister spoke of this motion as a "stray subject" for which it was difficult to find a day. Mr. Justice Grantham chose to treat it as if articles of impeachment were being prepared against him. If he had not wanted to go to Bodmin he need not have gone; and he could have rested then, tremulous but strong in his integrity until in a fortnight from now the "stray subject" could come on and be disposed of without anybody caring about it one way or the other.

The franchise woman is worse than the scarlet woman. Thanks perhaps in some degree to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith has been of late bombarded by bombazine, or whatever it is that the ridiculous suffragettes deck themselves out in, when they set out to shout down speakers and to be carried ramping and roaring off the scene by chuckers-out and constables. Mr. Asquith can look after himself no doubt, and we need not be sad or indignant on his account as some of the Liberal papers are bound to show themselves, but in the cause of order and decency the frantic self-advertisement of these make-believe politicianesses must really be ended. If the daily papers could see their way to pass a self-denying ordinance binding themselves to report not a word about these rowdy scenes, the evil would soon cease. What these people want is publicity.

We would not go further, however, than deny the suffragettes publicity through the press, and it is a pity that one of them on Thursday was sent to prison for performing in front of Mr. Asquith's house and interfering with the police. Mr. Paul Taylor, the magistrate, was compelled to send her to prison because she declined to pay the fine he imposed, or to allow her very willing friends to do so. But why in the world did they not insist on paying? The magistrate would of course have accepted the fine in such a case. A person has no legal right to insist on going to prison.

Mr. Asquith met the governor and directors of the Bank of England and the chief bankers of the City of London at the Mansion House on Wednesday, and made an interesting speech on Finance. He undoubtedly slid in the ghost of an allusion to the fiscal question by his reference to the trade of the country which he declared very sound and healthy just now, but most of his speech was quite non-political. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he must be delighted that trade is looking up, yet there may be something bitter in the cup of prosperity, for when people are confident about trade they are stingy in the price they pay for the gilt-edged securities: the "sweet simplicity" of two and a half per cent. no longer appeals to them. Mr. Asquith is also rather disappointed that though the issue of Irish Land Stock has been over-subscribed many times, he only gets 89 for it. Mr. Asquith has a way of dealing with figures that certainly appeals to the unfinancial mind, not a gift common to all Chancellors of the Exchequer.

Excess estimated revenue in the Post Office for the coming year enables the Postmaster-General, as he explained in his speech on Thursday on the Post Office vote, to make amongst other improvements reductions in the parcels post's charges and for postal orders. The continued loss on the telegraph system shows the future is with the telephone and with wireless telegraphy. As to this Mr. Sydney Buxton very discourteously described Colonel Hozier's circular on behalf of Lloyd's as a travesty of the truth. His defence of the Wireless Telegraphy Act was an evasion of the real point. It is not that an Act to be called a Wireless Telegraphy Act may not be necessary, but the present Act is simply worked so as to give the Marconi Company a monopoly. Another interesting statement was that the postal trade unions are to be recognised in future. It may be hoped that with this concession the employés will exhibit better manners towards the present than they did towards the late Postmaster-General.

The reference to the Welsh Church Commission appears to be amply wide. It should, by the way, be entitled the Church in Wales Commission: the distinction is not idle, and the actual terms of the reference observe it. It is a general commission to find out everything about the endowments of the Welsh dioceses, and everything about the work done by the Church and the nonconformist bodies in Wales. One need not quarrel with the personnel of the commission. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams will make a perfectly fair and a thoroughly competent chairman. Dr. Fairbairn is, of course, a bitter partisan, but perhaps Lord Hugh Cecil is a fair make-weight to him.

Mr. Gladstone and the Standing Committee on Workmen's Compensation have since last week composed their differences as to the time for which an accident must disable to entitle a workman to compensation. He objected, reasonably, to the three days fixed in Committee, and would have moved its rejection in the House; but on his consenting to compensation counting from the date of the accident instead of, as now, from a fortnight afterwards, which is precisely what we advocated when the Bill was introduced, he has carried his point. Another important difference remaining is the lower scale of compensation to men over sixty. The trade unionists object to this. It has been shown that older workmen are often dismissed to avoid the greater liability in their case. Trade unionists mean well by the older men but they are not doing their championing very wisely.

On the last day of the inquiry into the administration of the Guardians in West Ham evidence was given as to the relative expenses of feeding the officials and the inmates of the workhouse. In March 1905 the cost for provisions for the inmates of the infirmary was over ten thousand pounds; for officers of the infirmary it was a little over five thousand. The explanation is the amazing one that there is an official for every two and a half inmates and the salaries of the workhouse officials amount to eight thousand pounds. It seems incredible; but the workhouse system is bound up with the extravagance of officials. Bumble will take care of himself whether he is starving the paupers or coddling them. Mr. Crooks may not be pleased with the line of the inquiry. He wanted, it seems, to show that Poplar poverty accounts for high rates. But would he have had the inquiry as to the workhouse administration suppressed? He may be sure that is not the view of the public. They have a fair understanding that a poor district must be highly rated; but that makes them the more interested in knowing how the workhouse is run.

A letter in the "Times" signed by Princess Christian, Lady Plymouth and Lady St. Helier may strike some as revealing one of the curiosities of charity. They write on behalf of a society for supplying spectacles to school children. Those who smile do not understand, for the matter is quite serious. Mysterious collapses of the nervous system and general poor health may be due simply to defective sight which spectacles would remedy. It is an admirable society and it exists because the London County Council have not the legal power to supply spectacles in the schools. A society to supply tooth-brushes and tooth-powder would save poor children from untold misery. Parents who would not co-operate might be introduced to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Mr. Morley made an interesting speech on Indian studies at the Royal Asiatic Society on Tuesday. There is hardly any leading man in public life to-day who in his speeches gives such an impression of ripe knowledge as Mr. Morley does. He speaks as if he had not been hunting up matter and ideas of distinction for the purpose, and this of itself makes his speeches so agreeable to hear and read. The strained anxiety to be clever and brilliant sometimes mars speeches of public men, who are painfully conscious that they have a reputation to keep up at all costs. Mr. Morley did not blossom too early in life—at college he did nothing particular—and perhaps to this we owe some of his fine flower now.

On Tuesday he gave a delightful reminiscence or two of his own schooldays—"a few hundreds of years ago at Cheltenham". He tried his hand at a prize poem, but his muse was nipped in the bud by the headmaster, who said: "I am glad you have composed this poem because it shows all the elements of a sound prose style". It rather reminds us of a true story about old Erasmus Darwin and his son. Erasmus wrote poetry and was very highly paid for it—paid in thousands for one or two of his long-forgotten works. His son thought poetry might run in the family, and wishing to add to his pocket-money began to write a poem. He left it on his table, where Erasmus chanced to see it. Erasmus capped some unfinished lines with a stinging

couplet referring to the young author, who, in consequence, stuck to prose for the rest of his life. Nipping poetry in the bud is usually kindness; and one would like still more to nip a good deal of the prose.

Canon Barnett has found a fitting home at Westminster. He is broad enough and heterodox enough for its traditions and he is a well-known name. Toynbee Hall has an affinity to Westminster as Oxford House to S. Paul's. Canon Barnett's theory of a Church, once worked out in the "Fortnightly", that its only duty is to ascertain what the people wish to believe and then give them what they want, does not make for heroism or saintliness. Indeed, if Christians had acted on his view from the beginning, all martyrdoms would have been avoided, and there would have been no Church at all. Think what a lot of difficulties that would have saved. But Canon Barnett is high above his own belief. We have no doubt he would die cheerfully for his democratic theory rather than surrender one jot of it to mob violence: for somehow democratic religion has never been popular. Populus does not take itself as God, however anxious some divines may be to deify it.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is always worth hearing or reading on the subject of church building, and on Wednesday at the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings his paper on "Restoration" was daring and good. But is it restoration? One is not sure that demolition does not better describe the process on the whole. How can you replace a missing Norman arch or a ruined Early English window? We must all agree with Mr. Hardy's second proposition—if we do not with his first—that it is impossible to reproduce "the old shapes" truly: the spiritual attribute of bygone Gothic architecture lies in its human associations, and a brand-new arch or capital or window cannot restore this. As Mr. Hardy argues, it is fortunate our forefathers grew to be indifferent as to the condition of so many of the old churches and left them severely alone. When the restorer got to work with a vengeance in the nineteenth century, it is likely that he did more harm than all Cromwell's horses and men.

The hills at Wendover are so beautiful, and, assuming the common rights claimed, would be so valuable to the public that the Attorney-General would be acting in a strangely illiberal way if he had done as the Parish Council supposed. But it must be admitted that the letter his agents have written to the Council puts matters in quite a new light. The Attorney-General clearly believes that the rights do not exist morally or legally, and as owner of the property he sets out what looks like a very strong case. He would welcome, he says, any "legal proceedings"—when by the way did a lawyer not welcome "legal proceedings"?—in order to disabuse the minds of the parish councillors; but instead of this he offers to put the whole matter for decision into the hands of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society. He certainly cannot be expected to do more than this, short of making a present of his rights to the public of Wendover. One hardly knows which to admire more, Sir J. Lawson Walton's generosity as a landowner or his discretion as a politician: it certainly would not do for a Liberal to get into serious difficulty with the public over his rights of way.

Pillsbury, who had been very ill for some time past, died in America this week. He was only thirty-four years old and had played chess considerably less than twenty years; yet he was one of the deepest and most brilliant masters in the history of the game—perhaps not quite so brilliant as Morphy or Andersenn because modern play scarcely lends itself to the dazzling combinations and sacrifices which were the thing at the time of the "golden game" between those masters. We take it that there is a chess mind, and that those who possess it in a high degree, like Pillsbury, Zukertort and Steinitz, are powerfully intellectual in their own peculiar province. But it is doubtful whether a great chess-player is often, we are sure he is not of necessity, to be regarded as a man of powerful intellect. It has never been shown that the greatest masters of the game were men with big brains for anything but chess.

MR. BIRRELL'S EMBARRASSMENTS.

OUR Liberal Government has taken up with energy, in fact quite with gusto, the business of promoting the downfall of the House of Commons. We speak in the language of members of the present Cabinet when in opposition. Their familiar theme was Mr. Balfour's cynical disregard for the prestige of the House of Commons in his generous use of the closure. By guillotining measures which admittedly had not been obstructed Mr. Balfour was showing his contempt for constitutional rights and sapping the foundations of the greatness of this ancient House. One can almost hear Mr. Asquith's sonorous periods. We ventured to say at the time that we had no doubt that when Mr. Asquith and his friends had the chance, they would take up Mr. Balfour's work of ruining the House with alacrity, and carry the process very much further. That familiar resort to the closure did mean a disparagement of the House of Commons' place in the Constitution we have never troubled to dispute. No one outside the House would. But that Liberals were going to show any greater compunction than Tories about riding roughshod over the rights of the Mother of Parliaments we could not for a moment believe. We were not staggered at the Prime Minister's sweeping proposals for closing the Education Bill by compartments. Was it likely that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was going to be deterred from using the closure to the uttermost because, when the shoe pinched him on the other foot, he had denounced the operation as not only painful but immoral? Mr. Asquith saw the humour of the position when he rose to reply to Mr. Balfour. He knew very well that argument is never really to the point in these closure debates. The elaborate reasons propounded why a particular time is allotted to a particular clause, the expositions of the peculiar circumstances that always justify resort to the closure in the particular case, are nothing but respectable House of Commons conventions. Whether they deceive anyone in the House we cannot say, but they certainly deceive no one out of it. No doubt there are differences in degree—this Government's first application of the guillotine is much more ruthless than any of Mr. Balfour's—but at bottom all differences as to the closure are differences only in point of view—whether you look at it from one side of the House or from the other. We cannot pretend to take any interest in the sound and fury of these closure debates. We are not at all sure that the best tactics for an Opposition would not be to accept the closure with dignified resignation and console itself with the only effective retort—but one that in the end always is effective—"Our turn will come". Mr. Asquith has learnt, what every political leader will do well to recognise in these days, that outside the House the closure is popular. No Government ever loses in the country by boldness in the application of the closure. When told that it diminishes from the importance of the House of Commons, the country's view is that the House has brought this humiliation on itself. The House of Lords knows how to behave itself and is not closed.

Mr. Birrell professes a pious repugnance to the closure, but of all men he ought to be grateful to it, for the closure and the closure only puts an end to agonies and extricates him from difficulties, which his own speeches seem invariably to aggravate. This week he has been especially unfortunate, conciliating the Opposition by admissions which exasperate his friends, who in turn are reconciled by the taking back of the admissions to the double exasperation of the Opposition. The total result is that Mr. Birrell is suspect on all sides. The stalwart Stiggins section on his own side are up in arms already. Mr. Channing and Mr. S. T. Evans tell him frankly that if he goes much further in yielding to the Opposition, he will not be able to command their support; and the proposed amendments to Clause 4 are not likely to mollify these gentlemen's wrath. And yet Mr. Birrell's Bill is still unacceptable to his opponents. This does not seem to show brilliant parliamentary management. He makes the great mistake of talking before he has made up his mind as to what he wants to say. In that he is characteristic of

the Government as a whole. Nothing could be more ludicrous than their eternal changes of attitude and abandonments of their own decisions. Of this Education Bill it has never been possible to say whether it is the Government's measure or not. It plainly did not embody the views expressed in speeches by the most responsible members of the Government, including the Education Minister himself. Mr. Birrell left no doubt whatever that his plan was to give religious facilities in all schools to all denominations, out of school hours. On these professions he won thousands of votes for his party. But the Bill flatly contradicts any such suggestion. And see how this responsible Minister takes the question, which we should not have thought of only trifling importance, whether religious teaching shall be given in or out of regular school hours. Everyone who is honestly concerned for religious teaching regards it as of the very first importance. This is how Mr. Birrell approaches the clause in his own Bill dealing with this point:—"There will be no attempt whatsoever to take the clause as it at present stands as representing the view of the Government upon this important point." In other words the Government had given so much thought to this important point that they were willing to abandon their views, as formally expressed in their Bill, the moment they were asked. The truth is the Government, especially Mr. Birrell, do not take the religious question seriously themselves and they cannot understand how anyone else can.

Until yesterday they had not decided whether their concessions to denominationalists should be real or illusory. As the Bill stood, these concessions, by Mr. Birrell's own admission, might be completely frustrated by any local authority that wished to do so. There was no compulsion on education authorities to negotiate for the transfer to them of voluntary schools. Therefore any preponderantly nonconformist authority could nullify Clause 4 by not taking over the schools at all, if it were made compulsory, instead of permissive. Mr. Birrell admitted the obvious gap in his Bill. Why could he not see this before the Opposition called his attention to it? It was very difficult even for a dull man not to notice it: how much more difficult for the acute father, or putative father, of the Bill. Yet he left the House the whole week without any light on his promised amendments. He proposes now to allow the owners of a voluntary school an appeal to the Board of Education, on the refusal of the local authority to take over the school. The Board may either make an order arranging for the use of the school-house by the local authority, involving the grant of special facilities, or treat the school as a state-aided school. In this case it will not be a provided school but a school in the position of voluntary schools previous to the Education Act of 1902. Mr. Birrell's knowledge of his own Bill is so imperfect that it is not surprising that he had not foreseen and did not appreciate Lord Robert Cecil's point that, by refusing to agree to any terms suggested by the Commission created in the Bill, education authorities can prevent any transfer of a denominational school under a scheme of the Commission requiring "ordinary" facilities to be given. There would thus be great pressure on the Commission to move a scheme without facilities. It seems to be a deliberately ironical touch that leaves a novel Commission of stupendous and wholly extra-constitutional powers at the will of a county council. We should like to know, by the way, what is the use of directing in the Bill that this Commission shall act in accordance with the principles followed by the High Court, if no Court is to have power to review or interfere in any way with any of the Commission's proceedings? Suppose they do not observe the principles followed by the High Court, what is to happen? It is no good to enact that a man is to do a certain thing and then in the same section enact that there shall be no sanction and no remedy if he does not.

Another, and important, ambiguity which Mr. Birrell had not perceived, was brought out during the week's debate. What is meant by "religious teaching of some special character" for which county and town councils are to give "ordinary" facilities? Obviously, answers Mr. Birrell, teaching according to the views of the denomination to which the particular school was attached by

trust deed. But the Bill does not say that. So far as the Bill goes, the trustees might arrange with the education authority to change a Church into a Roman Catholic school, or a Wesleyan into a Jewish school. Indeed, to observe the standpoint of the voluntary school as such, when you are going to make it a State school, is unwise. Once you merge the voluntary school in the provided school, the religious question ceases to be identified with particular schools at all; it is a question of securing a general legal right to denominational religious teaching. In some cases most of the children's parents do not belong to the denomination to which the school was attached. In these circumstances to stereotype teaching on the lines of that particular denomination, after transfer to the county or town council, is absolutely foolish. The obvious and the right thing to do on the school becoming a State school is to allow the parents of every denomination to have their children taught in their own views. And this must be done in all schools throughout the country. By Mr. Birrell's plan we might have in a State school, where 98 per cent. of the children were nonconformists, compulsory Church teaching two days a week, and in other State schools, where 98 per cent. of the children belonged to the Church of England, nothing but compulsory undenominationalism approved of only by nonconformists. Truly, an intelligent Bill.

EUROPE AND THE CONGO.

ON the whole it is not an enviable position to be the protégé of a Great Power. It is the inevitable destiny of such peoples to become a pawn in the game of a superior; but the state of such as find themselves under the nominal protection of a Continent is far more evil. The European machine which must move altogether if it move at all is a tedious concern to set going. The state of affairs in the Congo Free State is an even more striking example of this than the woes of Macedonia; and the voluminous correspondence and despatches of the last fortnight do not tend to bring matters nearer to a solution. In the first place it is by no means easy to determine how far the appalling charges against the administration are true; and were they all proved up to the hilt it is almost impossible to hope for a consummation that shall put an end to the causes of complaint on one side and of international jealousy on the other.

The anomalous status of the Congo State does not tend to improve matters. Established by the Congress of Berlin in 1885 as an independent State under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians, it is yet under no real control by the Belgian Government, so that the champions of the natives have to do not with any definite European Government but with an individual who is of course obliged in the nature of things to delegate his powers to others and over them he could hardly, if he wished, exercise any efficient control. We confess that we know nothing which should lead us to believe that King Leopold would be a scrupulously vigilant Dictator, but even if he were meticulous and exacting in his observation of the conduct of his underlings, he has but scanty means for supervising their doings. An uncomfortable feeling for long prevailed among those well acquainted with West Africa that the obligations imposed upon the Belgian sovereign by the Berlin agreement sat too lightly, at all events upon his subordinates. Very ugly stories were current not long ago which emanated from men who had come down to the coast from those regions, but there was little solid fact upon which to build. The terms of service under the Congo Government did not encourage free speech. Then appeared various "men with muck rakes" with detailed indictments which demanded replies. A Commission was appointed by the Congo Government to investigate the charges against itself. The composition of the Commission was peculiar, at all events it was not unduly hostile to the Administration. It consisted of a Belgian lawyer, a Congo judge, and a Swiss jurist. Its constitution is reminiscent of parliamentary committees on election petitions in pre-Reform days when the Government of the day always managed to have a majority of one. However that may be, the Commission admits certain grave scandals in admini-

stration and proposes certain remedies which do not perhaps seem very adequate. But the most unsatisfactory part of the Report is that it is not accompanied by the evidence. Sir Edward Grey, in his despatch published on Tuesday, points out this as a grave omission. The reply of the Belgian officials is both unconvincing and impudent. It is in fact just the kind of reply one would have anticipated from a Belgian who believed himself immune from the possibility of punishment. Sir Edward Grey demonstrates with admirable temper that the Belgian monarch was not instituted by Europe as unquestioned dictator of the Congo; he is there under special conditions and obligations to which Europe has a right to demand that he shall conform. No one in Europe except King Leopold will be found to contest this argument of our Foreign Office, but the question is who will be found to transform our argument into action. It is hardly likely that any one Power will act alone. No one save the feather-brained, who desire our Government to intervene on behalf of Russian Jews, seriously contemplates forcible interference, and so the vicious circle is complete.

Probably the truth about the matter, if we could get at it, is bad enough. There has been without doubt ill-treatment of the natives which we should be the last to condone or palliate. Large States often maladminister their possessions in foreign lands, but the case with small nations is worse. If we desire a good case for interference let anyone read the revelations recently published by Mr. Nevinson as to the atrocities in Portuguese East Africa; and Portugal is practically our ally. Unfortunately the almost universal experience of those who have watched the course of white men in savage countries, where they have uncurbed freedom to deal with savages, is that they develop in time, and often before very long, the worst vices of the savages among whom their lot is cast. This is why a wise Government insists upon its officials taking their leave at regular and frequent intervals. Such a precaution succeeds in keeping them in touch with civilisation—an eminently desirable set-off against the dangers which assail the foundations of European morality when whites exist as isolated units amid an ocean of barbarism. We fear this wholesome rule does not prevail in the Congo Administration.

But, in any case, quite enough has been brought to light by the Congo Commission to put an obligation upon Europe to see that some steps are taken to enforce the obligations of his trusteeship upon King Leopold. The reforms actually proposed are little more than farcical, such as the substitution of shot-guns for rifles in the hands of the so-called "sentinels", who are really native policemen allowed to act against other natives on their own unfettered discretion. A fine basis for the promotion of law and order! Then it is quite clear that a system of forced labour exists which the most subtle casuistry finds it hard enough to differentiate from slavery. These facts are clear from the report itself, but there is one other matter which certainly demands more detailed investigation, viz. the method of raising revenue and its actual amount. There can be little doubt that the budget as set out for the information of the world in the official documents is not the actual budget at all. If we are to take these accounts as accurate, expenditure exceeds revenue by five million francs, but on the authority of distinguished Belgians it is asserted that the King makes vast private gains by the rubber and ivory trades which do not figure in revenue. It would have been interesting to have this matter carefully investigated and brought to light. But this is where the chief difficulty comes in. So long as the Congo remains the private property of an individual it will be impossible to set things on their proper footing.

The course that Europe has to steer is between two extremes, the vociferous and unthinking clamour of irresponsible fanaticism on one side and the calculating cynicism of merely capitalist administration on the other. This difficulty has beset our own country again and again during its expansion beyond seas especially when dealing with our various Chartered Companies and regulating their relations with the natives under their control. We cannot really proceed in this Congo affair with any justification as people whose

hands have always been clean, or in a self-righteous spirit. Unfortunately the colonial enterprises of all nations are too often marred by such experiences at the outset. But when Europe authorised the establishment of the Congo State under Belgian control it was never contemplated that it should become the King's private property. It is unquestionable that, if it becomes a possession of the Belgian State, the opportunities for tyranny will be rarer and supervision easier and pressure if necessary could be more easily applied by Europe. There is sure to be a considerable section of public opinion in the Belgian nation which refuses to sanction oppression by its own Government, and this will be a far more satisfactory safeguard for the natives than royal professions of good intention. That the Congo should become Belgian State property seems the most promising solution of a discreditable and baffling problem.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PACKERS.

IT is superfluous any longer to dwell on the facts as facts of the Chicago meat-packing disclosures. No dispute exists about them; and the general public has not accepted them more unreservedly than our government and foreign governments, or the American President and American people. On the physical side it has been shown that food whether in itself wholesome or unwholesome is prepared under incredibly disgusting conditions. Food positively injurious to health has been made possible for sending to market by an abuse of the modern methods of chemical preservation. The consumer shudders even more at the outrage to his sense of decency and self respect than at the danger he runs in health. We may regard as belonging to the moral side the dreadful surroundings of the thousands of workpeople, men and women, who are condemned to pass their lives amongst them. That is the aspect of the matter which Mr. Upton Sinclair especially considers in his book; and it is the moral degradation caused by them that gives it whatever artistic and dramatic value it possesses. More than all, since we know more of the American millionaire than of the American workman, the whole world has been impressed, as it could not have otherwise been, with the utter disregard of honesty and honour, and of all duty towards humanity whether under the sanction of religion or morality, with which money-making is pursued in America. The facts about the meat-packing trade were well known, yet apparently not an American paper ever mentioned them till the appearance of "The Jungle" forced the hands of the editors. Was it not something like a conspiracy of silence? But more astonishing even than this is the fact that no American workmen's organisation protested against the conditions under which workpeople were doing meat-packing. Mr. Upton Sinclair has won the curses, not the blessings, of the employés of the packers who suffer more than their employers by the falling-off in trade. A similar indifference is evident all round. There were government inspectors, but President Roosevelt, we are to understand, was as surprised as anyone when the revelations were made; though there had been scandals as bad as the present over meat supply during the war with Spain. The first awakening came when the export trade began to fall off and foreign governments were sending inspectors to Chicago to satisfy the public opinion of their own countries. Most of the canned meat goes abroad, and as it is probable that American people eat very little of it themselves they were indifferent so long as money could be made out of it by its sale abroad. When business was threatened they woke up.

Foreign countries must take this indifference into account; they will have to ask to what extent the proposed legislation will be a real protection to them. The danger is lest delusive legislation should be passed to tide over the present scare. This has evidently been the object of the packers from the first; and they have been aided and abetted by the politicians whom they "own" in the House of Representatives. They have succeeded; and notwithstanding all President Roosevelt's heroic language he has accepted a compromise which is only a shadow of what he declared was

necessary to put the meat-packing business on a sound footing. It is sufficient to mention one or two points to show this. The question of inspection was the gist of any effective Bill. Mr. Roosevelt proposed that £600,000 should be charged on the packers themselves for inspectors and inspection expenses. This was necessary because whatever proposals were made in the House for obtaining sufficient money from the Estimates to establish an efficient system of inspection, they were reduced until they became nominal. By the Bill as it now stands the money is to be raised on the Estimates and if the expenses should be more there is a special clause that it shall not be charged to the packers. The sum is a limiting sum; it is not declared that this sum shall be raised but only that it may be raised. The result is that it may be cut down to any extent; and thus all the resources of the packers can be brought to bear on the House as before to nullify the whole provision as to inspection. But even if an efficient staff of inspectors were appointed, the conditions under which they act are to be controlled by the packers and not by the government. By the original Bill "in the judgment of the Secretary of Agriculture, inspectors shall be allowed to visit packing plants whether they are in operation or not"; but in the Bill as accepted these words are struck out. So too inspectors were to supervise the affixing of labels on tins bearing the date on which the product was manufactured. This provision has now disappeared. One of the iniquitous practices of the packers has been to hash up old stuff that had become decomposed and put it in new tins with fraudulent new labels. They have fought for the continuance of this privilege through their ready instrument the Agricultural Committee of the House, and they have succeeded. It seems clear then that Mr. Roosevelt has failed once again in fighting the Trusts. He could not have had a better case, and yet his hand has fallen only feebly on them. Strong in their monopoly of the world's food supply, they not only compel President Roosevelt to accept their conditions but also the populations who are dependent upon them for supplies. Foreign governments may protect themselves by making contracts providing for inspection by their own inspectors; but the ordinary consumer remains at the mercy of the packers.

And what of the American people; those who may be credited with having a conscience, but who hold aloof from politics because there is no room in American political life for conscience? Where is the evidence of a great moral revolt on their part in this matter? We should not expect it in the case of the ordinary political scandal which they have been accustomed to accept as the usual course of things, politics being what they are. We are often told that the better classes of Americans allow the politicians to make sport and spoil of them only because generally their proceedings do not affect matters which the nation regards as of high importance. The nation has only to rise in its might and the herd of politicians will drop their booty and decamp. There is not much sign of that in the course of events since the meat scandals went the round of the world; and a people who cannot purify itself from a system of polluting wholesale the food supplies of the world outside as well as its own is not in a position to make that boast. The meat scandals furnished an undeniable occasion for justifying it; and yet all that has happened is the Roosevelt cum Wadsworth Bill. On this occasion, as on others, virtue, high-minded morality and religion, of which Americans claim, if not an exclusive call, certainly an excess over their contemporaries, have made very little show, and the politicians have triumphed. It seems that the Americans have so long neglected to provide a political mould for their high national characteristics to run into that they cannot exhibit them so as to be visible to other nations even on the most critical occasions: when their international reputation is at stake. Through not having a political instrument by which a real national moral sense could be transferred into act and deed, the Americans have stood by and allowed the President to be mastered by the politicians who, we are always assured, are not representative of American honesty and honour. When these qualities have happened to coincide with party objects, then in combi-

nation with the politicians they have been potent enough. This happened when the Republicans were opposing Mr. Bryan and the Democrats' silver proposals; and great was the applause which honesty and honour won at the Republican victory. But when honesty and honour do not suit the politicians, as has happened over the Meat Inspection Bill, then they become dumb and have no organ. And other nations have to suffer for this jungle of American politics. If it were only a domestic matter it would not be their concern. But foreign nations are entitled to require that America shall hold herself as trustee and guarantor for the purity of the food supplies of which she is the principal provider. She has failed in this international duty owing to the unhealthy state of her politics. If international obligations were as precisely defined in the sphere of peace as they are in that of war, other nations would have the right to make official representations of this neglect of duty on the part of America. This neglect has been shown by the events that led to the Meat Inspection Bill; the Bill itself shows that the duty is still to be unfulfilled in the future.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

DO election petitions serve any good purpose? What, if any, is the effect of these proceedings on the electoral morality of constituencies? So far, this year, the result has been a full measure of judicial irrelevancies and an overdose of party venom. Many petitions would be needed, with findings all in one direction, to affect the general party majority, even if all the vacated seats were captured from the enemy. Constituencies dislike petitions, for one reason they are put to the bother of a fresh election, and for another it seems to them hard that a successful candidate should be deprived of the fruits of victory by some—and usually unintentional—petty breach of the rules of the game. This feeling is particularly strong among those non-party electors who are the deciding factor in every contest; and their votes show it when the vacancy comes to be filled. Probably it will be said by our purist friends that petitions must be brought to vindicate the morality of our electoral system; our reply is that the vindication of the law is a public duty, not a private interest. The usual demand for further and more stringent legislation has again sprung up—inevitable we fear in these days of hasty generalisation—arising as it does from the innocent belief that Acts of Parliament can do or undo anything. The general ignorance with respect to modern election methods and practice is profound. Vague ideas exist as to meetings, speeches, addresses, canvassing and ballot-papers, but how many people know that no voter may be paid for any kind of work he may do for a candidate, or that it is illegal for a cab proprietor to send one of his cabs to carry voters to the poll? In truth the law is at present so stringent that those who have had practical experience of it are well aware that scarcely a contested election takes place—conducted though it be throughout with entire good faith—without the happening of some incident which might unseat the victor.

Bearing this in mind we hold the view that the most favourable construction should always be put on the action of a respondent and his agents, and that illegality should be proved beyond doubt before punishment is meted out. The position at Maidstone and Yarmouth was unfortunate. Both places had a decidedly unsavoury electoral history and most people were far too prone to regard only the petitioners' evidence and then to pronounce a hurried *ex parte* judgment. Some bribery and some treating undoubtedly occurred. In neither case was it systematic; in neither case was it with the sanction or by the connivance of the respondent. In both cases the Public Prosecutor is at work on wrong-doers. Even the bribery and treating alleged certainly were not enough to affect the result of the election; otherwise the petitioners would have claimed the seats. Then why punish a respondent who at the worst was under suspicion only? We can neither understand nor sympathise with the unmannerly burst of partisan rage which finds vent at Maidstone in indiscriminate abuse of a Judge and at Bodmin in telegrams

of sympathy to an unseated colleague. Perhaps it is because at Maidstone the ungodly triumphed, and at Bodmin the humble were abased. At Worcester there has evidently been a good deal of illegality and we hope the Public Prosecutor will strictly carry out his duty, though sympathy must be felt for the main body of decent and respectable electors who run the risk of being disfranchised by the action of a corrupt few.

Again, in theory, a poor man may bring an election petition; practically even a rich man hesitates, as the costs frequently run into many thousands of pounds. It is some satisfaction to note that of recent years party funds have been less available for petition purposes. We hope to see a still further tightening of the purse strings, and we look forward to the time when election law will find its proper place and procedure in the criminal code of the State instead of, as now, withdrawing Judges from their ordinary work and, by making possible accusations of unfairness and partisanship, tending to bring the administration of justice into contempt.

From the point of view of the election expert the recent petitions have only thickened the fog which inevitably hangs about decisions subject to no sifting by appeal. The question all hoped to see settled, or at least illuminated, was the old one "When do election expenses begin?" Hitherto it was conjectured that expenses dated from the time when a would-be M.P. set to work with an eye to his own return rather than as one of a number spreading the gospel of his party. Thus before the last general election magic-lantern entertainments showing imaginary Chinamen under fancied tortures would have been "educating the electors in Liberal principles", but a meeting called to hear Mr. A. say what he would do for his brother Chinaman when the electors returned him to the House of Commons, was a meeting in support of Mr. A.'s candidature, and an election expense, the date of the meeting being immaterial. The trend of the recent judgments is certainly more elastic, and apparently candidates, unless they embark on a systematic and definitely personal campaign, will not be required to date their election expenditure much before the actual fight.

At first sight Mr. Fell's alcoholic "At Home" at Yarmouth, which was held not illegal, would seem to differ but little from the teetotal garden party of Mr. Agar-Robartes' parents, the main factor in unseating him. The distinction however seems to be that Mr. Fell's "At Home" was for the purpose of bidding farewell to the retiring member, Sir John Colomb, and only incidentally to benefit himself, while Mr. Agar-Robartes' party was frankly intended not only to keep the lambs in the fold, but to introduce to them a new shepherd. The safe deduction from both cases undoubtedly is that entertainments—whether teetotal or otherwise—at any time near an election should be rigidly banned.

Perhaps the most interesting outcome of the heat displayed over the result of these petitions is the proposal—seriously put forward—by certain members of the Government majority not only to sweep away any judge who annoys the Radical party, but to abolish the present system of trying petitions and to revive, in its place, the old House of Commons committees. We prefer the alleged partisanship of the Judicial Bench to the intolerance of the present House of Commons, or for that matter the inevitable party spirit of any political majority.

Except in a few tainted spots we do not believe the desire to corrupt or to be corrupted exists. Vote-getting methods have changed from retail to wholesale, and it seems now to be the custom rather to bribe by promises of class legislation than by distributing odd half-crowns and pints of beer. Public opinion is now against electoral corruption, and public opinion is a force far stronger and more effective than passionately stringent Acts of Parliament.

RAILWAYS AND PARLIAMENT.

WE are glad to see the appointment of a strong departmental Committee to consider and report what changes, if any, are desirable in the form and scope of the accounts and statistical returns rendered by railway companies under the Railway

Regulation Acts. The question of railway statistics is one of considerable difficulty and cannot be properly understood without an amount of patient study for which few people have time, inclination, or capacity; but expert writers have succeeded in creating an impression that in this the existing British practice is seriously defective, and relief will be felt that a full inquiry into the subject is at last assured. The dispute which still drags on between the directors of the London and North-Western line and a section of their stockholders has served to bring the matter into great prominence. The appointment of this Committee is the latest of a series of events which seem to show a growing tendency in Parliament to interfere in the details of railway operation. After nearly half a century of immunity, established by a Taff Vale decision almost as famous as that with which the name of that company has recently been associated, the railways have now been made liable for damage by fire caused by sparks from locomotives. The act imposing this liability does not come into operation until eighteen months hence, but was passed last year before the dissolution. When the new Government came into office they at once appointed a committee to experiment with automatic couplings and other safety appliances, and a Royal Commission to report upon the condition of British canals. Neither of these bodies has yet finished its labours; the work of the former concerns inventors and the large body of railway servants engaged in the actual movement of traffic, while that of the Commission is likely, at least indirectly, to affect relations between railways and the traders; the proceedings of both will be carefully watched. If it should finally be decided to make the use of automatic couplings compulsory steps will have to be taken to secure uniformity, so as to avoid the confusion which will result if each company is left free to adopt, after the manner of British lines, a device differing from that of its neighbour. In the past the carriage of goods has been minutely regulated by statute; but the carriage of passengers has been left comparatively free from legal control, and in matters touching only the comfort or convenience of travellers it has hitherto generally been thought sufficient to rely simply on the force of public opinion and competition between the companies for the provision of necessary improvements. The result of this attitude has not always been satisfactory; the value obtained by a passenger for a given sum has varied widely in different districts; and while the companies have been able to read into their contract with the passenger a number of stringent conditions, he has found that for serious grievances, such as habitual unpunctuality, he has had in practice no remedy whatever. The present Parliament seems inclined to abandon the traditional policy of leaving the parties to take care of themselves. Already Bills have been introduced to deal with the problem of overcrowding, and to make all tickets available for use at any time without regard to the date of issue; while a private Bill of the Midland Company has only been allowed to go through the Commons without opposition on some sort of an understanding that the line will introduce third-class sleeping cars. Overcrowding on British railways is rarely found except in suburban traffic, and where it exists is often not attributable to the fault of the company concerned. Passengers are wont to insist on travelling by some particular train which happens to suit them, though the company may put others at their disposal a few minutes earlier or later; and here and there the growth of population may be so rapid that even the most progressive railway cannot keep pace with it. Thus an Act to prevent overcrowding would in most cases do little but cause inconvenience, and the Bill has wisely been dropped for the present.

With regard to the dating of tickets the case against the companies is stronger. There seems no really good reason why the confusing and diverse restrictions now applicable should not be swept away and every ticket made, like a postage stamp, good until actually used. The money paid for it is at the disposal of the company from the moment of purchase, and of course the longer an intending passenger delays before making

his journey the more chance there is that something may occur to prevent his making it at all. To guard against any possible injustice to the companies the Bill provides that the Board of Trade may exclude its operation where they think proper; and in this form the Bill is likely to become law.

Sleeping-cars for third-class passengers have been talked of from time to time but so far have not been seen on British railways. On behalf of the companies it is urged that their introduction would end first-class night travelling and would cause a loss of revenue that could not be faced except under compulsion; but there is probably little ground for either assertion. First and third-class dining-cars have been run on the same trains for many years past and the firsts still have a certain amount of patronage, though no doubt the thirds are the more profitable of the two. The first-class sleepers now in use are expensive to run; it would be interesting to know how many of those who use them are either railway officials travelling free, season-ticket holders, or others who for one reason or another do not pay the full nominal fare; and for the cheaper class a car might be constructed to allow less deadweight per passenger.

With the great majority of British travellers the cost of a journey is a matter to be seriously considered and all but a small percentage of travellers ride in the third class as a matter of course; and it may be argued that as corporations have duties as well as rights the companies should be obliged to provide for the convenience of those who form the great majority of their customers unless at least they can show clearly that to do so would involve them in loss. Third-class sleepers are likely to come before long, with or without pressure from outside; and Parliament, while prepared to press the claims of the poorer classes of travellers, seems disposed to go even further on its own behalf. Another railway Bill, which has been brought in during this session, is intended to provide members of both Houses with free railway travelling (in first-class carriages, we may be sure, though that is not specified) when travelling on parliamentary business. This is a new departure in British politics, and judging from the experience of other countries in which similar provisions have been in force, is much to be regretted. We may hope that the Bill will be dropped.

The public mind has recently been occupied with a number of other matters relating to passenger traffic. A few months ago the tunnel mysteries at Merstham and Crick caused a widespread sensation. The mysteries are still unsolved, and it is difficult to see how such incidents are to be guarded against so long as the isolated compartment system remains in use. There has been much discussion as to the necessity of electrification, which is slowly coming into favour for suburban traffic, though not as yet for main-line work. So far, experience with lines converted from steam traction seems to have been less favourable in London than in the provinces, and the use of electricity for main-line work in any part of the country is still remote. So long as the speed limit for motor-cars is maintained, the railways will have no difficulty in keeping the bulk of their long-distance traffic intact under existing conditions, and there is no inducement to make the change.

THE CITY.

IT has been currently reported for several weeks past that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been making unofficial inquiry among bankers and others in the City as to the causes which are responsible for the continued depression in gilt-edged securities particularly, but which also extends to almost every department of the Stock Exchange. The matter was publicly referred to by the Chancellor in his speech at the Mansion House on Wednesday evening when he put forward the suggestion that the joint-stock banks should issue weekly statements instead of monthly statements as hitherto. The immediate object of the Chancellor's remarks was to draw attention to the inadequacy of the gold reserves held by the banks, and he very properly stated that the subject was extremely

complex and the suggestion made by him was merely the fringe of the question. We entirely agree with Mr. Asquith and we should welcome a strong commission of financial authorities to inquire fully into this phase of our national finances which is in many respects too technical for discussion in these columns. But there is a broader issue suggested by the Chancellor's speech which merits serious reflection by all who depend for their income upon dividends derived from the public funds and other securities, and whose prosperity may be seriously affected by the heavy depreciation which has taken place in the capital value of such stocks. The common explanation put forward that the serious depreciation in gilt-edged securities is due to heavy war borrowings, the suspension of the sinking fund, the increase in the volume of securities covered by the Trustees Act by the recent fresh issues of colonial stocks, and so on, is all very well and we do not for one moment disregard the influence of these factors. But after due allowance for the collective effect of these contributory causes we are not convinced that the complete explanation has been found. We cannot reconcile the figures of the Board of Trade returns which show conclusively the continuous growth in our commerce, with the evident comparative poverty of the investing public. Activity in trade naturally implies that a larger proportion of capital is employed in commercial businesses and for a time the capital thus used is not available for investment or general finance business. But the country has now had eighteen months or two years of steadily increasing commercial and industrial activity and the profits derived therefrom should begin to flow towards the Stock Exchange for permanent investment. That this has not yet taken place may be easily ascertained by inquiry of any stockbroking firm doing an investment business. Sir George Anderson, the treasurer of the Bank of Scotland, in his recent speech to the Scottish Institute of Bankers, complained of the want of elasticity in banking deposits and pointed out that with the increasing wealth of the country it might naturally be expected that the deposits in the banks would show a corresponding growth but instead they had actually been diminishing: we believe this is also the case in our English banks. We have therefore ascertained that this assumed profit has not found a resting place in Stock Exchange securities or in the banking deposits. It is well known that the foreign securities which were formerly held in large quantities by this country have been repurchased by the countries which issued them. This avenue for employment of surplus funds must also be eliminated. The conclusion that we are forced to adopt is that whilst our trade returns show expansion and the reports from our industrial centres are comparatively satisfactory, we are doing a larger turnover with very much less profit than in former years. We are confirmed in this view by inquiries we have made in various quarters and whilst we recognise that probably in many cases a replacement of capital has taken place we are satisfied that, in the main, there is a very small margin of profit—and probably none in several instances—on the enormous increase in our commercial transactions. We have discussed the subject with many in the City well qualified to express an opinion and it unquestionably demands serious thought.

The tone on the Stock Exchange has been slightly better during the past week, although the volume of transactions remains remarkably small. The reduction in the Bank rate from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent. should assist gilt-edged securities, but there is still a lot of undigested securities to be absorbed, and the market is fully aware that the insurance companies have still to sell further. The very narrowness of the market makes dealers disinclined to put stock on their books, and transactions which a few years ago would have had no effect on quotations have an influence wholly disproportionate to their real importance.

The state of affairs in Russia has been reflected in the quotations for the Government securities of that country, and at one time the new loan was quoted at 3½ discount, or 1½ per cent. below the underwriting price. The special settlement in the loan which took place during the week was also probably responsible for a portion of the sales as many "bulls"

preferred to sell their stock instead of carrying over. The unpleasant development of Russian affairs has taken place at an unfortunate moment for the issue of £400,000 6 per cent. second debentures of the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Co. These debentures are offered for sale at the price of 83½ per cent., and in normal times the issue would in all probability have been quite successful, but the ordinary investor will we fear look askance at an industrial undertaking in Russia, more particularly as the oil factories have suffered so severely in the past. The present loan is required to clear off the existing floating debt and to make good last year's losses. We understand that the development of the properties is extremely satisfactory and for a rich man who can afford to disregard temporary depreciation, should public affairs in Russia continue bad, the debentures offer a very attractive investment having regard to the high rate of interest obtainable.

The feature of interest in the American Railroad market has been the declaration of an increase in the dividend from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. on the common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The progress of this company has been quite remarkable and is a typical instance of the enormous prosperity of the United States. In 1893-4 the net income of the company was £8,925,000, and for the year ending June 1905 the figures had risen to £25,956,000, while for the current financial year the net earnings are over £29,000,000. The weakness in the quotations for the stock of the United States Steel Corporation is stated to be in consequence of the intention of the board to make a large issue of bonds for the purpose of buying a heavy plant in Indiana. But so long as the additional plant is reproductive the increase is of no great importance, and the fact that the plant is required is additional evidence of the prosperity of the corporation, whose 5 per cent. gold bonds we consider one of the most attractive investments in the market.

The second edition of Mr. Heber Hart's comprehensive work on the Law of Banking has a special importance for those who are interested in Stock Exchange transactions, as Mr. Hart has included a valuable appendix treating on this subject, which is most informing, whilst written in a style which is not too technical for the average layman. Mr. Percy Barton, barrister-at-law, of Gray's Inn, has also written an interesting book containing the answers to various questions in banking which are of practical value to a wider circle than that for whom the book is more particularly intended.

FIRE INSURANCE RISKS.

FOR once, in a history of nearly two hundred years, the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation has proved a temporary disappointment to its stockholders. In spite of its antiquity the magnitude of its business is relatively small when compared with some of the big fire and life insurance companies. Its reputation is very high, however, and it obtains a large amount of first-class business. Fire insurances on the Pacific Coast were shown by the experience of many years to be some of the best in the United States. The Royal Exchange had a large amount at risk in San Francisco, where its probable loss will be £400,000 to £450,000. In proportion to a fire premium income of £635,000 this loss is very large, and the directors have considered it wise to reduce the dividend from 14 per cent. to 9 per cent. Apart from the San Francisco fire, which occurred this year, the fire insurance business in 1905 was much less profitable than usual. The losses amounted to 56 per cent. of the premiums and the expenses to 41 per cent., leaving a trading profit of only 3 per cent. of the premium income. This is a quite disappointing result for a year which the majority of companies found very profitable. In addition to an unremunerative year in the fire branch, the marine account shows a loss. These circumstances, taken in conjunction with the San Francisco fire, have made it wise and necessary for the directors to reduce the dividend.

It is quite natural that stockholders should be disappointed with the results, since such a corporation as

the Royal Exchange Assurance is regarded as the very type of all that is stable and sound. There is nothing in the present report to diminish in the least the confidence of both proprietors and policyholders in the stability and prosperity of the corporation. Its funds are abundantly ample for meeting all its liabilities, and, had it chosen to declare the usual dividend, the future could have been relied upon to justify this course. The profit was not earned and the right course was to diminish the dividend, though there will remain a substantial balance to the credit of profit and loss after all the San Francisco claims have been met.

In the long run such an experience as this is beneficial to a well-managed company rather than otherwise. When people see the large profits that are sometimes earned by fire insurance companies they are apt to say that the profits are too large and that the policyholders are charged too much. It only needs a little examination of the facts to show that a long period of small profits is followed by a short period of large profits, only in turn to be succeeded by a disaster which disposes of the surplus of many years or by another era in which the receipts barely exceed the payments. It is the business of insurance companies to average risks, to take a small payment from each policyholder in order to prevent a heavy loss to any individual. It is equally their business to average their own results over a long series of years; in doing this occasional bad years are inevitable and, when they come, they demonstrate the essential fairness of the terms upon which insurance business is conducted, and show the unimpeachable security afforded by first-class insurance companies such as the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation.

Though these remarks about the succession of prosperous and unprosperous years contain nothing we have not said before, it is well to bear them in mind in view of the chairman's speech at the annual meeting of the Royal Insurance Company. Mr. Watson was able to congratulate the shareholders upon a very successful year in 1905. Before the San Francisco fire occurred the Royal had decided to increase its annual dividend to the round figure of £2 per share, and as the Royal has never yet had to reduce its dividend the directors recommend that it shall not be reduced now, and they see no reason for any departure from this tradition either in the present or the future. The Royal, though having a large life department, is primarily a fire insurance company, and indeed the biggest fire office in the world. It is very heavily concerned with the San Francisco fire, the magnitude of which was explained by the chairman by comparing the area of the districts destroyed by the San Francisco and other great fires. At Chicago the burnt area was 1,700 acres; at Boston 65 acres; at Baltimore 140 acres; and at San Francisco 2,500 acres. The numbers of buildings destroyed at these four fires were respectively 17,430, 776, 2,500, and 35,000. In spite of the very large loss incurred by the Royal, the company will be able to meet the whole of its San Francisco claims without touching its permanent fire reserves of £3,000,000. The chairman was able to quote present experience as a complete justification of the course, which has been taken by the directors in the past, of building up superlatively strong reserves instead of dividing the whole of the profits year by year among the shareholders.

YVETTE GUILBERT AND ALBERT CHEVALIER.

I WENT one afternoon this week to the Duke of York's Theatre, and saw Mme. Yvette Guilbert and Mr. Albert Chevalier in juxtaposition. It seemed appropriate that these two should be together. The name of each conjures up visions of the early 'nineties. Both were innovators in method and in subject-matter, Mr. Chevalier weaving a network of romance around costermongers, Mme. Guilbert depicting in hard, sharp outline the tragedies and comedies of the least pleasant persons in Paris. Years have passed, revising somewhat the aspect of both artists. Both were ethereal. Both are normally plump. And their outlook, not less than their aspect, has expanded. Mme. Guilbert is no longer confined to "les trous dangereux".

though she still keeps an eye on them. She ranges over the gay and harmless provinces of France, in the gay and harmless past. Poudrée, she sings of Brittany; and in a crinoline she warbles of Parthenay; and in a peculiar costume meant to suggest that of a bygone English peasant she essays the folk songs of our own counties. Mr. Chevalier, in like manner, is unfaithful to the Old Kent Road, and deems alien from himself nothing that is human. He does not, like Mme. Guilbert, dally with the past; but his range over the present is unbounded. Altogether, there is a distinct kinship between these two artists. And thus the differences between them have a certain significance, as illustrating the differences between French and English art.

No one, I imagine, will dispute the platitude that French acting is better than English. The points of superiority are many; but the most noticeable of them all is the quickness and apparent ease with which (I speak, of course, generally) French mimes express as much as can by English mimes be expressed only with much deliberation and apparent effort. I cannot conceive a better illustration of this difference than is offered by Mr. Chevalier and Mme. Guilbert in double harness. Mr. Chevalier is not, of course, thoroughly English. He has Italian as well as French blood in his veins. And this admixture accounts for the vivacity of face and figure that surprised us so much in the early 'nineties, setting him so far apart from the ordinary music-hall artists that we had known. But, despite his cosmopolitan breeding, it was only on the English stage that he graduated. And so, despite his vivacity, he has never picked up the knack of ease and quickness. Indeed, his vivacity itself seems to act as a stumbling-block. He makes a dozen gestures, a dozen grimaces, when one would be ample. He suits the action to the word so insistently that every word, almost, has an action all to itself. Often the action is a very elaborate one, insomuch that when the way is clear, at length, for the next word, you have quite lost sight of the last word but one. In one of his rustic songs—"Wot vur do 'ee lov oi?"—he speaks of a kiss and of holding hands. Before he comes to the word "kiss" he violently kisses the air for quite a long time; and when he illustrated the holding of hands I feared that he would never, never unclasp them. Mr. Chevalier might reply that in this song he is merely illustrating the slowness of an astatic mind. To which I should retort that every one of his other very diverse impersonations is marred by just that same extremity of slowness. Every one of them is admirably conceived; and the words, written by Mr. Chevalier himself, admirably express the conception. If only Mr. Chevalier would allow them and the conception a certain amount of liberty to take care of themselves! If only he would not overwhelm them with illustration! We may be fools, but we are not such fools as he takes us for. His points do not need such an unconscionable amount of hammering, to drive them home for us. If he were the owner of an inexpressive face and voice and hands, then, perhaps, all this strenuousness of his would be indispensable. As a matter of fact, every part of him happens to be mercurial. Evidently he under-rates himself as much as us.

One reason why I deplore his passion for over-emphasis is that the songs, as songs, lose thereby their savour. The lilt of the music disappears. The accompanist sits at the piano, waiting patiently till Mr. Chevalier will sing another half bar or so; and we sit patiently wondering what sort of a tune it is. One of Mme. Guilbert's virtues is that she never forgets that a singer's first duty to a song is to sing it. Always she obeys the rhythm of the music. All her acting is done within that right limitation. Yet is not lost one tittle of the acting necessary to express the full meaning of the words. I do not think that her face, voice, and hands are more naturally eloquent than Mr. Chevalier's. But she knows just how much use to make of them. Notice, in the famous "Ma Grand-mère", how perfectly she differentiates the words of the girl from those of the old woman, yet with hardly a perceptible pause, with hardly a perceptible change of key. Something happens in her eyes, and we know that it is the girl speaking: we see the girl herself; and then again, in another instant, we see the old woman. One

can imagine the pauses with which Mr. Chevalier would mark these transitions, and the violent contortions he would go through before he got under weigh. And yet he would not make us realise the old woman and the girl half so vividly as does Mme. Guilbert. We should realise that he was performing an ingenious feat of character-acting. We should think him frightfully clever. But—well, it never strikes us that Mme. Guilbert is clever. She does but fill us with a perfect illusion of whatsoever scene she sings, of whatever type she apes. How she does it is (at the moment of watching her) a mystery. And but for that mystery she couldn't do it.

Mme. Guilbert's restraint is so exquisite, she so perfectly effaces herself in the subjects of her songs, that I cannot understand how she has let herself fall into the habit of flinging restraint to the winds and luridly revealing herself when she sings the last line. In some of her songs this habit is absolutely fatal to the effect. Obviously, for example, "La Grandmère" ought to end on the note of quiet melancholy that has been struck throughout. (You remember the refrain:

"Combien je regrette
Mon bras si dodu,
Ma jambe bien faite,
Et le temps perdu."

When Mme. Guilbert sings this refrain for the last time, she pauses after the third line, throws back her head, spreads out her arms to the audience and utters "et le temps perdu" in a tone of radiant ecstasy, as much as to say "*Haven't I sung that well?*" Again, at the end of "La Glu",—"le cœur disait, en pleurant, 't'es tu fait mal, mon pauvre enfant'?"—it is obvious that the words ought to be spoken quite faintly. Mme. Guilbert drives them home with an emphasis which not Mr. Chevalier himself could surpass. We lose all sense that it is the heart of the murdered mother that is speaking. We lose all the piteousness of the song. We are conscious only of Mme. Guilbert demanding applause. I have often heard her sing both these songs. I am sure she used not to spoil them thus.

MAX BEERBOHM.

NATURE AND THE MUSICIAN.

DOES the British sense of humour go very deep down into the recesses of the mind? Sometimes I have my doubts on the subject, and it was in this dubious frame of mind that I left Bechstein Hall at the end of M. Pachmann's last recital the other day. As a rule I do not allow the unmusical members of an audience to distract my attention. I endeavour to imagine that they are not there. It is difficult when they become obtrusive; but practice has enabled me to obliterate a great deal of the nuisance from vision and hearing in ordinary circumstances. On Saturday of last week, however, the spirit of scientific investigation impelled me to keep an observant eye upon my surroundings. It was a difficult, though a self-imposed task. M. Pachmann is one of those inspired musicians who are always in the mood to play. Although it is the fashion to pretend that he can only interpret Chopin, and to find some fault—in a laboured way suggestive of the process known as "trying to pick holes"—with his readings of most other composers, M. Pachmann never fails to give a true, sympathetic, and masterly rendering of the music within his catholic répertoire. To talk of him as a Chopin player is to me supremely ridiculous. He is a musician: an artist who reads music into everything that comes under his golden touch, and whose phrasing is so pure and truthful that the simplest understanding can grasp the beauty and the meaning of all that he plays.

Now M. Pachmann has obtained the reputation amongst a certain class of amateurs of being eccentric. They go to his recitals, ostensibly to hear him play Chopin, but primarily to be amused. His gestures, the way in which he telegraphs his musical emotions to the audience by facial expression, the remarks ejaculated by him every now and then in German, French, or English, all these things seem to form a staple entertainment to a section of those present. The consequence is that M. Pachmann's programme is

accompanied throughout by an almost continuous chorus of inane giggling, relieved, at the smallest opportunity, by unrestrained outbursts of laughter. There is a sense of humour, we are all of us aware, that can only see the comic side of things. There is also a sense of humour that is able to plumb the tragic side ; which dives below the surface, touching cause as well as effect, and finds the pearl that lies at the bottom of the sea. Before last Saturday afternoon I was scarcely aware of the sad extent to which the humour of intelligent-looking men and women belongs to the former category. It seemed almost incredible to me that educated people, presumably gifted with some kind of taste for music, should be incapable of getting beyond a slight unconventionality in a great artist, and should elect to spend two hours in the semi-hysterical suppression of superficial merriment. The circumstance was to me conclusive of two things. First, nobody whose sense of ridicule left him outside the spell of M. Pachmann's playing could lay any claim to be musical. Secondly, the brain of such a person must lack qualities essential to the construction of a normal and healthily constituted human being.

These people failed to perceive, in fact, that M. Pachmann is not eccentric at all. On the contrary, he presents that rare phenomenon of modern life, a perfectly natural individual. It is not eccentric for a musician, absorbed in his art night and day, to let loose the floodgates of his artistic emotions, to play, to interpret, to seek to enrapture, to speak, to elucidate, to make a spontaneous gesture, to withhold nothing from those whom he is mesmerising and who are mesmerising him in return. What is truly eccentric is that a being of emotions—such as a great musician must always be, however perfectly proportioned his restraint—should be capable of sitting mute, like a wooden effigy, through the whole gamut of feeling and passion entailed by a musical programme. This anomaly provokes no ribald amusement because people are accustomed to it. The musical student, like every other member of the community, is reared in a greenhouse. His growth is not natural but artificial. He is taught to subdue the manifestation of his emotions, with the result—so lamentably visible in all walks of life—that much of them becomes obliterated altogether. Natural inclinations cannot be driven under or eradicated without a corresponding—or at least some proportionate—diminution of the intellectual, and particularly of the artistic, faculties. It is a theme I hope to develop, from the musical standpoint, at some future date. For the moment I mention the conviction because I attribute the exquisite maturity of M. Pachmann's vast talents to the early encouragement of individuality, resulting in the ripening of the artist on lines so natural that to many people they appear to be ridiculous.

It is only the proverbial rustic mind that gapes incessantly, and one would have thought that five minutes would have habituated any cultivated intellect to a simple phenomenon such as that of M. Pachmann. These gestures and little outbursts of confidence are not discordant interruptions of the music ; they are perfectly harmonious adjuncts to its interpretation, whether humorous or sentimental or fantastic. If we once grasp this fact, all sense of eccentricity in the player is dissipated. What may have been for the first moment mistaken for affectation stands revealed as the natural expression of an artistic and singularly lovable character. Underneath it all lies the deep pathos—the pathos of contrast with the realities of life—which simplicity and greatness of mind, and everything else that is pure and natural and young, must always evoke in this world of deceit and complication. The man who fails to be touched in his soul by such a revelation is only half human. It is partly his own fault, and largely the fault of a system of repression, carried to excess in every direction, which is nowadays mistaken for mental training.

If I have appeared to wander away from M. Pachmann and his music, the digression has been made with the object of helping them both to be better understood. It is far from my intention to lay down that gesture or verbal exposition is either an essential aid to the understanding of music or a practice to be recommended on

its own account. The only argument I desire to press is that in music—and in other intellectual things—the ultimate aim must be the natural expression of the individual. Everything calculated to restrict or to destroy the full ripening of the artistic or intellectual faculties is wrong ; though it by no means follows that every musical executant would necessarily share, under similar conditions of unrestricted development, M. Pachmann's entire physical and mental surrender to the expression, not only by musical phrase but by word and action, of the music which he is interpreting at the moment. Of all living pianists whom I have heard on public platforms, he is the only one who gives me the pleasure that can be derived from hearing a fine musician under the immense advantage of playing in his private room. It is the naturalness of the artist whose magic charges the artificial atmosphere of the concert hall with an electric sympathy, bringing with it the restful feeling of home—rudely dispelled at conscious intervals by the matinée hat—the scent of old-world gardens, the freshness of the summer breeze. Only a great artist, with the simplicity and homeliness of true genius, can effect such a transformation of environment ; and those who can remain insensible to it are not to be envied.

HAROLD E. GORST.

THE GARRET.

ACCORDING to the ancient tradition genius is to be found in garrets, and mediocrity in Royal Academies. Whether by design or a fortuitous concourse of circumstances it is not for me to say, but certain it is that the New English Art Club has selected a garret for its present exhibition, and for all its future exhibitions, if the landlord proves amenable. How does Webster define the word ? After searching along the shelves I return to the writing-table without a dictionary. None was discoverable. We must define the word for ourselves. Garret : A room at the top of a high house—generally the room under the rafters ; lighted by what is known as a lean-to. The visitor to the New English Art Club will find all these distinguishing signs of the garret in the present exhibition room, including rafters. The glare of heaven so common in garrets has been subdued by stretching muslin blinds from rafter to rafter. The New English Art Club has therefore become a symbol, of what I cannot say, but it has become a symbol, and as pilgrims seek symbols—just as honey-bees seek flowers—bands of pilgrims will doubtless climb the high stone stairs at the back of Dering Yard, 67 New Bond Street, to the end of the season. Pilgrims were climbing the stairs all Friday afternoon, and as I stood watching them coming up I thought of—what do you think ?—well, of Bayreuth. "Sickert has come back", was the phrase on everybody's lips. One day walking with the dead Master, Whistler of course, I heard the Master mutter—at first it was but a mutter, but gradually the mutter grew more distinct, and I heard him say, "Well, you know, talking of Walter . . . I don't mean that Walter will ever do as much as Manet, but if we are to consider the relation of Art to Nature, and of English painting to those red things which—" The rest of the sentence I never heard, it was lost in guffaws. By red things the Master probably meant portraits of officers in uniform, but this by the way. What immediately concerns us is that the Master looked upon Walter Sickert as a great painter ; and his expressed opinion that he did not think that Walter would not succeed in accomplishing as much as Manet cannot be looked upon as a depreciation ; it may be doubted if the "white lock and eyeglass" himself accomplished quite as much ; but I am dropping into blasphemy, and my editor will receive letters of protest—from whom we all know too well—added to which the relative merits of Whistler and Manet do not immediately concern us.

Sickert's picture hangs on the right-hand wall of the Garret near the door, and its fine qualities and low-toned harmonies catch at once the rare eye attuned to good painting. On the wall next the door hangs a portrait of the great Steer—a steer that has plodded the long furrow since the first protest against the Academy was launched at Knightsbridge ; but the

steer has nevertheless been honoured with a request that he do paint his own portrait for the Uffizi Gallery, where it will hang to the crack of doom. It hangs temporarily in the Garret, a strange picture—shocking at first, like all that is original; as the Parcival of painting he has seen himself—and that is how I saw him too in my portrait, a verbal one of course, taking the form of a prefatory letter attached to the little booklet entitled, "Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters", but to keep to the portrait in oils, a portrait quite different from any other Steer portrait. A Steer portrait is generally a decoration, but this is an obstinate self-willed work, showing that Steer's real interests are in himself. We all thought that Steer was only interested in pictures, and lo! we find him betraying an interest in himself, so obstinate and self-willed an interest that he seems to have forgotten—anyhow, to have overlooked—those delicious qualities of paint, which we expect to find in his work; his rapacious search after Self has revealed to us a psychological Steer, and has put to flight the old adage that no man knows himself. A fine composition of Jews in prayer stops me, and it is by—of course it is by Will Rothenstein. Some of the heads satisfy me, others seem rudimentary—to use no harsher word, nor is this surprising; a lovely and sustained execution is only given to him who regards subject as a mere pretext for sensuous combinations of colours and rhythmic lines and spaces; and Mr. Rothenstein's art is marred, so it seems to me, just as Mr. Watts' art was marred by a hunger—if I may so express myself—for the abstract. And this hunger has put forth, not the qualities I prize most, nor necessarily those that Rothenstein prizes most (it is the sub-conscious man that paints) but something which I will call an atmosphere of prayer—there is that certainly on the canvas, an evocation of traditional dogma and antique symbol. His Jews are not City financiers, but the Bedouin who wandered round Mount Sinai three thousand years ago, readers of the Talmud. In this picture we are at the source of the Christian river, a mysterious river risen among desert sands; and I ponder on the long flowing of this river; but if Rothenstein were a great painter 'tis of other things I should be thinking, of the music of line and the music of unfilled spaces. Let us compare this picture with Tonks' "Crystal Gazers", it is instructive to do so, for each picture fails where the other succeeds. The title should be "The Crystal Gazer" surely. A lady sits with her bodice off looking into a crystal ball, the maid standing by takes no part in her mistress's experiment in sortilege; why then is the picture called the "Crystal Gazers"? This mistake in nomenclature is in keeping with many other mistakes in the picture, otherwise I should not have mentioned it. Tonks seems to have failed in setting forth the incident he selected—a lady engaged in sortilege in her bedroom. The attitude of the crystal gazer is not expressive, and the composition is cramped. The picture contains many lovely passages of colour—the blue dress the maid wears is an enchantment, and the enchantment of the lady's golden hair, combed back so daintily from her face, is more subtle and inveigling; and were it not clear to me that Tonks sets as great store on the setting forth of a scene as the Dutchman did (think of the drama that Van der Meer gets out of one figure standing by a spinet, under a ray of light falling from a tall window) I should not be at pains to deliver myself of this little disquisition; were fault found with Steer's picture of "The Music Room" because the two women are unconnected and show little interest in their music I should be the first to cry out that the criticism was superficial, it being obviously no part of Steer's intention to seek any other interests except those contained in a decorative scheme of colour and line. One of the advantages of the painter over the writer is that it is legitimate for him to paint many various versions of the same subject. Now why should Tonks go through the vexation of thinking out a new subject; why should he not paint another picture of bedroom sortilege, discovering in the new composition the dramatic unity that he seems to me to have missed in the picture of 1906? To paint let us say a woman in a hut with a view of a stormy sea, seen through a window, is to

enrol the art of painting in the service of literature, but it is quite another thing to seek a gesture that reveals a mood. Rossetti often did this excellently well—perhaps he was the last who could do it; and I wish his gift had come down to John. John is the wonder of Chelsea, the lightning draftsman, the only man living for whom drawing presents no difficulty whatever. A piece of paper, a chalk pencil, a model, and twenty minutes are all that is necessary for him to produce a masterpiece—a Chelsea masterpiece. In twenty minutes a beautiful drawing is completed; everybody in Chelsea knows his genius, and in every picture he produces I seek for proof of the genius that Orpen whispers about. And in his pictures I discover what? A conviction . . . no, a hope that one day the exact thing he came into the world to express will be revealed to him, for if this happens England will be able to boast of another great artist. Meanwhile I can but wonder why John chose to exhibit "The Meeting in the Lane". On every wall of the Garret there are interesting pictures—pictures that one would like to speak about, and the reason that one doesn't write about them all is the not unnatural fear that the article would be unreadable if one did. But it is impossible to refrain from speaking of Mr. Russell's picture. Crowds under trees—I have forgotten what he calls it) painted somewhat in the style of a German painter whose name I cannot remember—a name beginning with L, and ending, of course, with bach. I like the sparkling animation of Mr. Russell's crowds, his is a singularly well-drawn crowd, and I regret that the foliage in the picture does not rejoice, like the June foliage rejoices in our squares; Mr. Russell's trees do not lift themselves up—they are not petulant and garrulous like the trees in Berkeley Square, nor are they hysterical like the aspen opposite my window—the aspen is a tree one wearies of, it sweeps not grandly along the ground like the beech, nor is it decorative like the poplar, nor elegiac like the birch, I am tired of its heart-shaped leaves hanging out of long stems, a tinge of brown running through the green. Their hysterical flutterings have delayed the writing of this article. . . . How full of talent are these Garret men; yonder is a fine portrait by John, and that wild cherry tree—how fresh it is! How it takes us back to last April—alas, it takes me back to a lodge under the Dublin mountains where the dear woman who painted it lived—she who now lies under the earth. Mrs. MacCarthy died on the 7th of this month, and on the 4th she was as well as she was on the day she painted that beautiful foreground, full of the spring's soft silky grasses. On another wall is her hawthorn, a blossoming tree shedding faint sheltering shadows over the bright grass, calves are frisking round the tree, and behind the glad field are the pale Irish hills, rippling down a pale Irish sky which she will never see again. Now that she has gone and for ever it will be harder than ever for those who care for Art to live in Dublin; she was but a young woman at the outset of her career, whereas Brabazon was an old man at the end of his; he is gone too and his lovely water-colours will grace the walls of the New English never again. My eyes take in the loveliness of those trees, lovely as vapour ascending, and I wonder how with so little he achieved so much. Half a dozen beautiful drawings by this dead hand grace the wall; Brabazon, the father of the new English Art Club, has gone for ever and the well-known line comes up in my memory

Atque in perpetuum frater ave atque vale.

The death of friends never fails to recall this noble line, written, as everybody knows, two thousand years ago by Catullus on the death of his brother. He journeyed over land and sea to visit his brother's grave, and after weeping over the cold ashes he wrote a poem which none can read to-day, even in a prose translation, without weeping. The line I have quoted is the closing line of this poem, and it is as vital to-day as it was when it was written two thousand years ago, for no poet has found a more perfect expression for the resigned grief which we feel—which we must feel—for those who have just gone.

GEORGE MOORE.

TO MURIEL

WHO WILL MISPRONOUNCE ANYTHING.

IT was your nature. You were never taught
The inalienable wayful words that fell
From sweetly mispronouncing lips, pèle-mèle ;
The right divine of children is not bought
For rubies or for gold : a gift unsought
Undreamed of, it is theirs : I might as well
Forecast the curves of swallows, Muriel,
As that bewildering coinage of your thought.
You will not learn your grammar, someone says,
O ! me, the foolish elders, how they preach !
I cannot blame you, I can only praise
As fairer flowers that blow beyond our reach
Your native incommunicable ways
The wise haphazard of your fairy speech.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

THE MOAN OF THE MOWER.

MOST people pride themselves a little on their ancestry. It is very well for a subcynical poet (of low birth) to tell us that *genus et proavi* concern us little, because, forsooth, we did not make them ! As if a man could only admire the work of his own hand. It is true that another poet—

"A modern poet spent a thousand leaves
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves"—

but he, like Dr. Syntax, was "in search of the Picturesque". The common sense of humanity has agreed that to come of decent people is something for which to be thankful, and that, if a man chance to number among his forbears a malignant idiot, the less he says about him the better. Uncle Toby's modest reluctance to hear of his aunt Dinah's mésalliance with the coachman was amiable as well as natural.

This being so, why stop at great-grandfathers and mothers : why not extend our charity to the ages ? To 999 out of 1,000 their great-grandfather is as mythical as Adam : it is only to the 1,000th that he has left a tangible proof of his existence, a peerage or a mortgage, a portrait or a poem.

It is then permissible to hope that Adam, when he fell, sinned in ignorance of the ills he was inflicting on his posterity. We would fain believe, but tradition unfortunately forbids it, that when he set up that fatal entail, "he not think he should live to be married".

To him, doubtless, the sentence of death was the heavier part of his doom ; a bit of a gardener, he would almost welcome the command to till the earth. So far have we wandered from Eden that to not a few this seems by far the less endurable curse. Death has become familiar : the believer looks for "Der schöner freundlicher Tod" with hope, and the unbeliever, who pretends to be logical, cannot of course give himself away by admitting that he dreads annihilation. To many the cultivation of their little angle of the earth is a far more grievous inconvenience.

We do not here propose to lament the sad fate of the field labourer. He earns small wages, but he may comfort himself with the thought that, if his employer can be believed, he is seldom worth them. He has, too, a hardish life of it, made the harder because he has not much to take his mind off his work. He is as a rule, like Mrs. Thorne's coachman, thinking of the last pot of porter he had or the next he's to get. Your average ploughman is not a Burns. It may be doubted whether he ever sees a daisy, a thistle inspires him not with a gush of patriotism but with scorn for the poverty of the land, and a field-mouse he promptly kills, as venomous. That all animals for which he has no particular use are poisonous is a part of his creed—the only trace of imagination he displays. Richard Jefferies in one of his books (perhaps in "Hodge and his Masters") has described a day of a rustic's life, during haymaking, with dreadful truth. But a great deal of

Hodge's misfortune is due to himself : he would be no end happy, if only he knew what was good for him. So at least fat and greasy citizens have been declaring these two thousand years.

(By the way, why "Hodge" which is, we believe, an abbreviation of Roger ? Was a ploughman ever Roger ? In Jefferies' time he was Tom or Dick or Gearge. Now he (like his town brother) is Bert. In the next generation he will be Sidney or Percy, if the registration lists are to be trusted. All the Rogers we can call to mind were rather of the élite. A scientific don (of the Brazen head), two knights, De Coverley and L'Estrange, an honourable (of the Examen), and a baronet (that "unfortunate nobleman" we used to hear of as "languishing in Dartmoor"). But perhaps the "Hodge" of Jefferies is a "portmanteau" between hobnails and drudgery.)

The class however most deserving of pity are "not agricultural labourers." Their labour is unpaid, self-assumed, or wife-imposed, and on them the curse of Adam weighs heavy. They are that unromantic but surely not utterly despicable multitude who "do" their own gardening. They have thought, or their wives have persuaded them, that a garden will be such an amusement to them after business hours, or on Saturday afternoons. So they became slaves of the mowing machine. This horrible instrument of torture adds a terror to life during the growing months of the year. A man is a man every inch when armed with a scythe. He strides majestic and everything falls before him. Indeed, an amateur armed with a scythe is as proud (and nearly as dangerous) as a boy with his first gun. He is picturesque too, and lends himself to poetry. But an hour or two with a lawnmower will take the conceit out of anyone. It is very well for my lady to mention to her gardener that next day she is giving a tennis or croquet party. Obedient myrmidons swarm over the lawns before she is up, horses meekly assume ungainly boots and mow a breadth of six feet at a time. By breakfast time the thing has apparently done itself. But the man who rashly undertakes to keep his tennis-court, or his half a dozen rod of lawn in order with a ten-inch machine is lost, unless he is a labour maniac. He is the Sisyphus of the flat. Though his *λάσιον* do not roll back on him (it does sometimes on banks), his labour is never ending. For the grass grows and grows and grows

"As it had nothing else to do
But ever to be growing",

and wants cutting again before he has limbered out after the last time. *Ἄνταρ ἔπειτα κυλίνδετο.*

Of course it will be said "Hire a man once a week, say". This, given the money, sounds simple but doesn't always work. In the first place such men by no means grow on every bush. In the suburbs and in country towns they are procurable—of sorts. In the country they are non-existent or nearly. In the second, the "hired man" is apt to be an intolerable tyrant, differentiated from the resident gardener only because he has more slaves beneath his rule, and "bosses" ten maiden ladies to the other's one. In the third, if he comes to mow, he is generally called off to another job, to weed the paths perhaps, or plant celery, jobs too mean or too high for your intelligence. In the fourth place he does it very badly. Why, is a mystery. But the most humble amateur, when with sweet blandishments he is asked to mow the court himself because he does it "so much better, dear, than the man", is obliged to confess that so it is. The probable solution is that the gardener is a sensible fellow and hates to turn himself into a mere motive power. Some have pitied the organ-grinder, but his lot is various compared with the sentry-go of the mower. If he have a monkey, his life is one of pleasurable excitement.

An added sting is that, to many eyes, a close-shaven lawn with flower-beds on it is not lovely. It looks much prettier with longer grass starred with daisies. For tennis and croquet of course the grass must be flattened, but a good many people would, if allowed, let their lawn grow a little, "somewhat poetical" as Walpole's gardener said. Mulready used to buy seeds in Covent Garden and hurl them broadcast into his back garden letting them grow or not as heaven and

the sparrows decreed. With rather curious results to some of his backgrounds where English hedgerows bear nasturtiums et non sua poma. Dr. Percy was deeply offended with Pennant for calling the gardens of Alnwick "trim". And it is rather an abusive epithet.

Of late years it has been the fashion, especially for the "fair sex", to write gardening books, and terribly pretty books some of them write. But a horrible doubt hangs over them. Do these people really enjoy gardening? Are they not rather as might be an epicure who should affirm that he delighted in cooking? Doubtless they like the finished product, but do they, can they, love mowing with a machine? To take one instance, "Elizabeth and her German Garden". We fear that, in reality, Elizabeth sat in a charming morning room, with her three small graces at her feet, while over the lawn her husband drove with "savage whirr", only pausing when a sweet voice called from the window "Man of wrath, dear! How do you spell Ampelopsis Veitchii?"

"PING-PONG" BRIDGE.

NOW that bridge has become so universally popular, a demand has arisen for some form in which the game can be played by two players only. It must frequently happen that two bridge players have to pass a certain amount of time together, without any chance of finding a fourth, or even a third, to make up a rubber, and the only variety of the game at present open to them is double dummy, which is rather tedious and a very poor game. If two players at double dummy bridge are not pretty evenly matched the game is apt to be very one-sided, and, if they are fairly evenly matched, there is very little skill about it. As soon as the first card is led and all the hands are exposed, the result is generally a foregone conclusion. With two good players, it is a common occurrence for one or the other to say, as soon as all the cards are known, "I must win the odd trick", or "two by cards", or "You win so many tricks", and then, the opponent agreeing, the hand is abandoned, and they go on to the next deal, with the result that there is a large amount of dealing for very little play. A new form of the game for two players has lately been invented, which, for want of a better name, is called "Ping-pong" Bridge. It is played as follows.

The two players sit opposite to one another. They cut for deal, and the one who cuts the lowest card deals first. The cards are dealt into four packets in the ordinary way. The dealer looks at his own hand, and can make any of the ordinary bridge declarations. If he is not satisfied with his own hand he can exchange it for the hand on his left, and he is then obliged to make a declaration, but, if he changes, he incurs a doubled liability for every odd trick which he may lose, and he only wins the single value. When the declaration has been made, either on an original or a changed hand, the opponent has the option of playing his own hand, or of exchanging it for the hand on his left. If he changes, he also incurs a doubled liability for anything he may lose, and, if the dealer has not exchanged, he only wins the original value of each trick. If both players exchange, the value of each trick is doubled, whoever wins. Thus, supposing the dealer changes and declares diamonds, and the opponent elects to play his own hand. If the dealer wins two by cards he scores 12 below the line, but if the opponent wins two by cards, he scores 24. If both had changed, whoever won the two by cards would score 24. Any declaration can be doubled and redoubled up to the maximum of 100, as at ordinary bridge, whether either or both players have changed or not. A hand once laid aside, for the purpose of changing, cannot be looked at again.

Honours are scored above the line, but the value of the honours is never doubled. Each honour counts according to the declaration, deducting the value of any honours in the opponent's hand—thus, if hearts are trumps two honours in one hand, and one in the opponent's, would count 8, three honours in one hand and one in the opponent's would count 16, and so on.

Four aces in one hand at No Trumps count 100, and four honours in one hand count double, deducting the value of the fifth honour, if the opponent should hold it.

Each trick will, of course, consist of only two cards instead of four, but otherwise the game proceeds exactly as at ordinary bridge. It is quite a novel and entertaining game, and we can strongly recommend it as a vast improvement upon double dummy bridge. There is any amount of variety in it, owing to the fact that the position of so many cards is unknown.

When neither hand has been changed, one half of the cards will be absolutely unknown quantities, and a player holding four or five of a suit headed by the 10, 9, 8, may find that none of the higher cards is held against him. A player who changes his hand undeniably gains a great advantage from the fact that he knows the position of thirteen additional cards, provided that his memory is good enough to retain them, but, against this, he incurs a double liability without any chance of proportionate profit.

Just as at ordinary bridge, the dealer is the attacking party, and he should always exchange when he has a moderate hand on which there is little chance of winning the odd trick on any declaration of value; but his opponent is quite in a different position, he is defending, and he should only exchange when he has a very bad hand indeed, on which he can see little or no chance of saving the game.

The No Trump call is rather a dangerous one unless the hand is defended in every suit, but it must be remembered that there is no danger of being led through, and that, consequently, three to a queen, or four to a knave is a certain guard, and even knave and two others is a probable guard, as the opponent must have ace, king, queen in his own hand in order to establish the suit.

Sequences are the most useful things to hold, as one can keep on leading from a sequence without making good any intermediate cards of one's opponent.

The game is very simple and easy to understand, and, if any of our readers will give it a trial, we are sure that they will find it a pleasant means of passing a dull hour or two.

CHESS.

HERE is an instructive game from the tournament at Ostend:

VIENNA OPENING.

White	Black	White	Black
Mieses	Tchigorin	Mieses	Tchigorin
1. P-K4	P-K4	2. Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	B-B4		

It is often very difficult to explain why, when two players adopt the same opening, the one succeeds where another fails. Here, however, the answer can be given. Black has emulated white entirely, but he cannot do so any more. Anticipating that defect, he ought to have sounded a new note with Kt-KB3. It immediately threatens Kt x P.

4. Q-Kt4

The successes of great players show others how to be successful. One method of becoming wealthy is by the slow and sure process of accumulation; the other is by speculation in its various forms. As a chess player, Mieses corresponds to the latter category, and is great because he has the courage to play the kind of game which suits him. His forte is in positions where the kings are involved; and knowing it, he loses no opportunity of bringing it about. Know thyself; what a grand motto for chess players.

4. . . .	Q-B3	8. P-Q3	P-Q3
5. Kt-Q5	Q x Pch	9. Q-R4	B x Kt
6. K-Q1	K-B1	10. Q x B	Kt-R4
7. Kt-R3	Q-Q5		

In view of white's rejoinder, Q-B7 has been recommended. But white proceeds simply with P-KKt4, again threatening R-Bt. Considering that only half the pieces have been moved, it is remarkable that there

does not appear to be any way of saving the game for black.

11. R-B1

White has neither the time nor the intention to halt. The sacrifice of material is nothing; because he sees the issue clearly.

11. . . . Kt x B
12. Q-Q7 P-KB3

13. Kt x KBP Q-B7

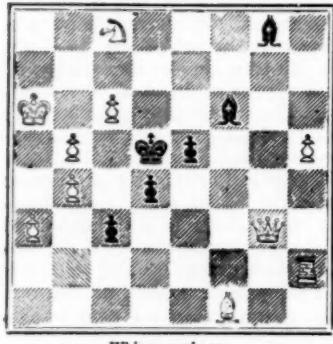
If Kt or P x Kt, white mates in three moves.

14. R x Q B x R
15. Kt-R5 Resigns

We hope, shortly, to be able to discuss the subject of chess as art and science. In so far as economy is essential to the recognised standards of artistic and scientific methods, this little game can be held up as a beautiful example.

PROBLEM 81. By REV. J. JESPERSEN.

Black, 6 pieces.



White, 10 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY (corrected) TO PROBLEM 79: 1. P-Q4.
KEY TO PROBLEM 80: Q-R2.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AND
RELIGIOUS TESTS FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 June, 1906.

SIR.—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a speech that he made at Bolton in October 1903, criticising the late Government's Education Act, hit the nail on the head about the religious test question for teachers. He said that "children, at the most receptive period of their lives, would be exposed to be weaned from the faith of their fathers—without any evil intention probably in many cases, but by that process of filtration and permeation which will probably come from the teacher who holds his office by virtue of the ecclesiastical opinions and creeds he professes". Precisely so—said the Nonconformists, on whose behalf Sir Henry was speaking; and the echo of those words rings true to-day. Would the Prime Minister and those who support him deny their truth?

Would they attempt to prove, in the face of the growing spirit of religious indifferentism that all deplore, that a teacher professing no creed nor ecclesiastical opinions, would exercise no unconscious influence on the children's minds "at the most receptive period of their lives"? At the opening of the Parker Memorial Chapel last Tuesday, in a speech welcomed by a Nonconformist assembly, Mr. Balfour said that never had there been a time when the efforts of the Churches were more needed. All agree that these efforts are needed. Are we to experiment in the school, where life's earliest lessons are learnt, by separating religion from the school tasks, and see whether thus we can train up future citizens to the practice of "real religion"?

Let us rather listen to the words of an eloquent Baptist minister, whose memory is still green; . . . would that his words might be re-echoed to-day, as well as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's! . . . "Let those who will have the conduct of the school", said the Rev. Robert Hall, in his sermon on "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes" * "let them impress on these children a deep conviction . . . of the necessity of the agency of the Spirit to render the knowledge they acquire practical and experimental. . . . Be not satisfied with making them read a lesson or repeat a prayer. . . . Aim to produce a religious concern . . ."

The Rev. Robert Hall would have agreed with the Catholic schoolmistress who said to me the other day—"I don't wish to have the cane always in my hand, and what else am I to do, especially with the older boys, if I am not to be allowed to appeal to, and to try and develop their practice of daily religion?"

Trusting to hear louder and louder the echoes of the true words that I have quoted,

I am, yours faithfully,

GERTRUDE DORMER.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTES ON AMERICAN
MEAT-PACKING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 Great Ormond Street, Russell Square, W.C.

SIR.—As a frequent traveller in the United States much interested in the meat disclosures, may I offer a few notes on my experiences there? At Chicago, at St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati and other places, the meat-packing plants, which I visited with intervals of several years, are all alike, except in acreage of area covered and in some being worse than others. The iniquities of the stockyards never have been a secret, though it seems that now the limits are reached in the aptitude of the packed-meat-eating world to tolerate conditions altogether offensive and exactly as characteristic of American methods in business as the insurance scandals. Not intrinsically American methods, to own the whole sad truth, but strictly modern methods, developed in America, by American enterprise, to a fine art of "doing" the confiding customer, beating old-world enterprise hollow, to use an American expression. And does not the meat-packer's proclamation of sweetest purity, in the face of the impending damage to their trade, smack of the disposition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's friend Beauclerk, whose body was all vice, if his mind seemed all virtue?

Ill-smelling vice. Nothing more loathsome than the stench of the stockyards, wherever situated, if it be not the stench of the establishments erected for the purposes of killing and packing. We have it on good authority that there is an aesthetic even of the slaughterhouse, but nothing of the sort can be observed in the shambles of South Halsted Street, to take Chicago as typical of the rest, where carcasses are always lying round, dying animals or dead, carelessly dumped from the cars, sometimes already half putrefied, swollen by the gases developed in the decomposing bodies.

And the filth! The filth not only in the butchering department but also where the meat is worked into the different shapes wanted for shipping. The secrets of sausage always have been appalling enough, but they certainly increased in horror with the increase in size of the sausage factories. Sausage awakens suspicion by the very essence of the word's meaning in its historical and economical associations. But lambs' tongues, can anything sound more innocent than that? And yet the meat-packer's have found the means to defile this guileless delicacy of our lunch-table, worse than sausage. The memory of the poorly lighted, poorly ventilated, malodorous room where I saw lambs' tongues canned, will banish canned lambs' tongues for ever from my menu. It was sickening. No greater liberties with food can be taken than a gang of indescribably untidy girls permitted themselves there. The cigar factories in Spain, as whilom in the Philippines, are models of cleanliness compared with this. No words can paint the sewer-like conditions lambs' tongues are submitted

* "Half-hours with the Best Authors" gives the whole sermon.

to before being sprung upon unsuspecting consumers as a dainty of dainties. Doubtlessly provoked by the expression of my face, one of the terrible young females at work in the sewage, whisking a handful of reeking, greasy substance into a can, very properly remarked : "It's all durned smut anyhow ! "

Another feature connected with the meat-packing industry demands, however, no less attention : unnecessary cruelty to animals. Apart from their suffering on the way to the stockyards, squeezed into railway cars, made to convey the greatest possible number in the smallest possible space, sometimes for several days, the manner of killing them off calls for better supervision.

It struck me also as highly improper that children were permitted to witness the butchering. I found them always present in great force, mostly girls, who ought to have been at school, gloating over the ghastly scenes, watching the animals under the knife, immensely delighted with their helpless writhing in agony of death, a spectacle which weighed upon me like a nightmare for days after.

The case of the reigning dynasties of the lard and sausage kings has now been taken up by President Roosevelt. It is not their case alone. It is the case of all who aspire to great wealth and are not over-particular as regards the manner in which they get it. They constitute a large class of industrials and politicians mixed, flourishing through bribery and corruption, buying and selling without the semblance of fair dealing, while protected even by the power their ill-gotten riches secures them. No wonder that general distrust, the chief blemish on the popular mind of America, becomes more and more prevalent. How can it be otherwise, when bribery, the twin-sister of corruption, is, at the most, regarded as only a conventional crime, to repeat the words of Judge Priest at the trial of the banker Snyder : an explanation most significant of the country and the times.

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 June, 1906.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW has all along been so staunch and friendly in its support of the National Service League and the principle of compulsory military training, that the criticism contained in your leader of the 16th inst. demands the most earnest consideration of all members of the League and especially of its Executive Committee. You criticise the recent procedure of the League in devoting too much attention to subsidiary issues such as rifle shooting, cadet corps, &c., instead of concentrating upon the one main objective of educating the people to the idea that compulsory training is indispensable as the foundation of that great national reserve without which we cannot hope to stand secure in a struggle with a first-class Power.

There can be no doubt that, ideally, your criticism is justified and your advice sound. But in urging upon the nation a great principle of personal military training as part of the duty of citizenship, we have to remember that the vast majority of the public are not even remotely interested in national defence and we have, in the first place, to secure a hearing. Now experience has shown that if we can interest large numbers of people in the ideal of military training as a useful and honourable part of educational equipment, they are already half-way on the road to see the absolute necessity of its adoption by legislative enactment. On the other hand it is unfortunately true that, if compulsory military service is put forward point blank without any recognition of the value of such subsidiary and preliminary training as rifle shooting and military drill in schools will give, the majority simply turn a deaf ear to what they regard, perhaps erroneously, as impracticable, and we run the danger of failing altogether to form that public opinion without which no practical step can be taken.

It is for these reasons that the League has perhaps lately given more attention to accessories than appears

advisable from the point of view of the "whole hogger". But I can assure the SATURDAY REVIEW and those staunch friends who have stood by the principle of compulsory military training from the first, that the League has no intention of diminishing its efforts in that direction by one jot or tittle as our published and official programme clearly indicates. In the words of the programme the League advocates that, subject to certain exemptions to be defined by law, including those necessary to provide for the requirements of the navy and the mercantile marine :—

Every man of sound physique, without distinction of class, shall be legally liable during certain years of his life to be called upon for service in the United Kingdom in case of emergency ;

In order to fit him for this duty he shall be legally obliged to undergo three or four months' military training when he arrives at the military age.

We are well aware that our policy can never be "popular" in the sense of pleasing the thoughtless crowd, but as Lord Newton pointed out in his speech, our object is not popularity, but national safety. And if we appear at times to widen the scope of our aims more than some of our friends would like, it is only in order to embrace in one great body of opinion all those true patriots who desire, in one way or another, to secure universal compulsory training for the manhood of the nation.

With regard to your comments on the nature of the meetings held by the National Service League I may be permitted to point out that the writer of your article has been led astray by not taking account of the fact that the meeting which he attended was in no sense a public meeting for the purpose of propaganda, but simply the Annual General Meeting of the League. We hold some hundreds of meetings in the year in every part of the country and these meetings are addressed to every section of the community. A great many of our meetings are particularly organised in connexion with working men's clubs, social unions and debating clubs, where the working classes are largely represented. The fact that at the annual general meeting of the League there was a considerable number of distinguished military men does not, I think, justify the inference that our meetings are in any sense "society functions" and the circumstance that many ladies were present is assuredly a matter for satisfaction since so many give a great deal of their time and service to forward a cause they have greatly at heart.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE F. SHEE, Secretary.

The National Service League,
72 Victoria Street, S.W.

SPAIN AND CATALONIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 June, 1906.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter in your last number evoked by your article "Spain and England", but surely the writer's assumption that it contains a "disguised accusation against Catalonia" is unwarranted. You admitted that Catalonia is the most progressive and industrious province of Spain, and that it believes itself to be taxed and overridden to a certain extent for the benefit of the more stagnant portion of the country much as Ulster believes would be the result for itself in Ireland under Home Rule. Catalonia will be amply justified in bringing all its influence to bear to reform the existing conditions of Spanish government and to secure for itself adequate power in the national Government. Nevertheless your correspondent says nothing to overthrow your theory, which is indeed founded upon the experience of all time, that no nation can become an efficient political entity till its component parts are fused into one coherent body. This has been the story of all states, of England and Scotland, of France, of Germany and Italy in more recent days. Would Brittany and Guienne have progressed in isolation as they have done when component parts of France? A province can retain its

characteristic features and yet become an integral portion of a great monarchy. Catalonia would do better to try to leaven the Spanish kingdom rather than remain outside. In these days a small and isolated country remains a contemptible fraction as Hungary may discover to her cost. Catalonia deserves much sympathy, but will ruin her own future and that of Spain by obstinate isolation.

I am yours,
W. B. DUFFIELD.

A NATIVE DEPARTMENT.
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Peterhouse, Cambridge, 14 June.

SIR,—I observe on page 731 of your issue of the 9th inst. that you discuss my suggestion for creating a new office in the British Government, connected with and subordinate to the Colonial Office, and specially charged with native affairs. You then state that I seem to show that such a portfolio is not necessary and is not likely to meet with approval in the self-governing colonies, when I say that "every colony" (of course this means every self-governing colony) which has natives under its charge has such a minister. The argument seems to be that good machinery secures good government and therefore that self-governing colonies, having a superior administrative machinery for governing natives, will govern them better than the Imperial Government. But this argument is double-edged, for while it may be used to emancipate self-governing colonies from Imperial control in native affairs, it may equally be used to subject Crown colonies to the machinery indicated. It is clear that Crown colonies, which cannot govern themselves, cannot govern their own natives, and hence will be best directed in their native affairs by the machinery indicated—i.e. by a native Commissioner in England supervising the local administration, a machinery modelled on that of native administration in self-governing colonies.

But I brought forward unimpeachable evidence from first-hand authorities (and I have more if necessary to bring forward) to show that, even with superior machinery, the self-governing colonies had in some cases failed to give justice and satisfaction to the natives. What, I contended, is more important than mechanism is the spirit informing it. The first requisite to develop some such spirit is to elaborate some general principles of native policy, specially adapted to local circumstances, for the Empire as a whole. That there are infinite difficulties in the way I never denied; but the way to remove difficulties is to realize them. And considering the vast importance, which the future treatment of native races has for the Empire as a whole, I ventured to suggest the construction of certain machinery at the centre. Your own argument appears to me to demonstrate that this would be excellent if applied to the treatment of natives in all our colonies, other than self-governing. Mine goes a little further, and contends that it could be applied to the self-governing colonies as well, though "infinite tact would be required to work such a scheme". An imitation of colonial machinery might even be looked on by the self-governing colonies as a form of flattery, if only they could realise that—in native policy—all parts of the Empire should be interdependent, and should unite to secure in this direction at least cohesion and uniformity.

Yours, &c.
H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—O, dear, dear, here is a gentleman with a Scots name criticising English! "But" is never a preposition, my good friend, neither is "except". "Touch not the cat but a glove." "The last house but one." "But" is "be out"; and "Whence all but he" means "all, be he out". "He went out of the room before I" is shocking. It must needs be "before me", i.e. in the order of precedence; or "before I did", i.e. in the order of time. A. G.

REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHER AS STATESMAN.

"The Duke of Argyll: Autobiography and Memoirs."
Edited by the Dowager Duchess of Argyll. 2 vols.
London: Murray. 1906. 36s. net.

THE Duke of Argyll opens his autobiography with the characteristically sensible remark that "family history and genealogies are almost always wearisome", and, "except when they tell with unusual clearness on the great question of heredity" that "they are as useless as they are tedious". Unfortunately the Duke departs from his resolution not to inflict upon others what has often been irksome to himself. For he devotes more than fifty pages to his "forbears". It is enough for us to note that his grandmother was the celebrated Irish beauty, Elizabeth Gunning, "the duchess with two tails", who was so rude to Boswell and so polite to Dr. Johnson: that his mother was not an aristocrat, being a Miss Joan Glassell, of a respectable Lowland stock: and that he was the second son of the second son of the fifth Duke of Argyll. It is not uninteresting to speculate what "plain Mr. Campbell" would have done in life if his uncle had left an heir, or if his brother had lived. Probably he would have been a distinguished man of science; or, quite as likely, a great judge, for he had the legal mind together with great rhetorical power, the latter quality doubtless due to the Irish blood in his veins. The Duke was himself impressed by the potency of the Keltic element in his breeding. He succeeded as eighth Duke in 1847 and married, "en premières noces", a daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, thus uniting himself with the most powerful family of the day. He was a member of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, and has a great deal to tell us about the Crimean War which is very interesting. The Duke of Argyll's literary gift was considerable, as is shown, not only by his speeches, but by his descriptive criticism of the great men by whom he was surrounded. We cannot do better than quote some samples. "Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, was indeed an admirable speaker, but never spoke on secular affairs, and I heard him only once. It was delightful speaking, not from any fire, or poetry, or enthusiasm, but from a charming voice, from sentences in uninterrupted flow of the most perfect grammatical construction, and from a fine intonation. They were the speeches of a highly-cultivated man, clear, judicial in tone, and persuasive. It is said that on the first occasion on which he spoke in the House, Lord Melbourne listened for a few minutes, and then rushed out of the House to bring back one of his colleagues, who had left it to write letters in the robe-room, calling out, 'I say, I say, come here, come here! We've got the devil of a Bishop!'" Or take this description of Lord Brougham, "then the mere shadow of himself. It was difficult to realise that he was the same man who had contended on quite equal terms with George Canning. It seemed somehow as if he had been quenched—by lack of fire in the surrounding atmosphere. He was perpetually speaking, or rather talking, for I never heard one great speech from him on any subject. And yet he retained all the mechanism of oratory, to a degree I have never seen in any other man. He spoke sentences with the most complicated parentheses, yet always returning with perfect accuracy to the main structure of the sentence, after having marked off the deviation by some appropriate change of tone, or of gesture, or of both. For, indeed, his gestures were marvellous. His nose was flourished in harmony with his fingers, of which he made use more after the example of the gesticulating Italians than of our more staid and sober race. His very thumbs were eloquent. The power of glare which he threw into his small and cold grey eye when he wished to express indignation was wonderful. I think it quite possible that if he had even then been sent back to the House of Commons and to the handling of great questions of public policy, he might have become again a formidable power. As it was, I never heard from him a single speech of any force, nor a single remark worth remembering. If ever there was a man to whom Disraeli's epithet of 'an extinct volcano' could be

applied with literal truth, it was to Lord Brougham." The Duke of Argyll began his political life as a Peelite, and it was therefore natural that he should conceive a most unphilosophical hatred of Disraeli. "In the session of 1846 I was present at many of the debates both in the Commons and in the Lords. I heard Peel open and defend his case with, as I thought, irrefutable logic. I heard the young and fantastic adventurer, Benjamin Disraeli, begin those personal assaults on the great minister which brought him into prominence. I confess I hated them and the man who made them. They were purely personal, nothing but a series of clever invectives, carefully prepared, glancing even with great skill at individual peculiarities, but never containing any serious convictions. They were essentially the attacks of a condottiere. Nothing but the excited passions of men who thought they had been betrayed could have made those attacks otherwise than offensive to any assembly of English gentlemen." This is rather commonplace criticism of some of the finest pieces of invective in the English language. Of course Disraeli was personal: he was attacking a lost leader, who had sold his party. Were not Junius, and Burke and Fox personal? But the curious thing is that the Duke of Argyll, writing fifty years later, when Lord Beaconsfield had been dead for ten years, maintains the same view of his character—namely, that Disraeli was merely a bold and lucky political gambler. "Disraeli is the greatest myth that I know", said a Conservative statesman to the Duke. "This mythical atmosphere enveloped him from the first. The popular idea, propagated alike by friends and foes, has been that by the sheer strong swimming of extraordinary genius he breasted innumerable opposing currents; that the accidents of opportunity did little for him, and that he was even handicapped in the race for power by every kind of external difficulty and disadvantage. All this is not only incorrect, but it is the reverse of the truth. Never perhaps has any politician been so favoured by the extraordinary accidents of external circumstances." It is of course true that the secession from the Conservative party of the Peelites cleared out of Disraeli's way "at one fell swoop every single man of recognised parliamentary experience and ability who could possibly be thought of as a leader", and the sudden death of Lord George Bentinck was undoubtedly a stroke of luck. Disraeli was then "like a subaltern in a great battle where every single superior officer was killed or wounded". All this is true, but the Duke of Argyll is mistaken in declaring that his race and social position were not disabilities. Politics were a much more aristocratic business then than they are now; and one has only to read the stories of his elections at Maidstone and Shrewsbury, and to consult the pages of "Punch", and the contemporary press, to realise how strong was the general feeling against the alien, the Hebrew adventurer. Even to-day half the difficulty about South Africa arises from the fact that the Jews are mixed up in it. But the Duke of Argyll will have it that "when a clean sweep was made of all the official leaders and of others from the Conservative ranks, an absolute vacuum was created, into which Dizzy was just the man to step. He had no opinions of his own. He had no traditions with which to break. He was free to play with prejudices in which he did not share, and to express passions which were not his own, except in so far as they were tinged with personal resentment". This was the common view of Disraeli taken by Gladstone and his colleagues: Acton, who disliked Disraeli but thought him as great almost as Stein, was one of the few exceptions. It is a false and ungenerous estimate, which we are surprised to find echoed by so just and original an observer as the Duke of Argyll.

But the truth is that the Duke of Argyll scoured all who came across his path, except Aberdeen and Palmerston and Russell, who were so much older that even the McCallum More looked up to them with the innocent respect of youth. We have heard the Duke on Disraeli: now let us hear him to Gladstone. The Duke of Argyll's estrangement from Gladstone grew gradually from 1874, when the Duke did not regret his chief's defeat, saying, "I am not a Radical, and many of the extreme joints of our tail had been wagging

too much". The first serious rupture occurred in 1881 over the three F's in the Land Act of that year. The Duke pointed out that it was one thing to multiply owners by a system of State-aided purchase; and quite a different thing to create an unworkable system of dual ownership, by giving a man the right to sell what he had not paid for and did not own. Of course experience has proved that the Duke of Argyll was right; but at the time his irrefragable logic had no effect, and he resigned, in spite of Gladstone's desperate efforts to get him to stay, and still more frantic attempts to close his mouth. The Duke's correspondence with Gladstone must have been the most valuable discipline to which that statesman was ever subjected. We have only space to give a few extracts, but we recommend everyone to read these letters, as they are models of shrewd logic based on common sense and knowledge, as well as fearless protests against tampering with the rights of property. "It is, what you say, a concession to political danger, and the fear of Parliamentary opposition is not the fear to which you are in any way exposed. The Duke of Wellington in recommending Catholic Emancipation once said, 'I'm afraid of Ireland'. This seems to me the only argument in favour of parts of the Bill. But this is an argument which you will not use in public, and so you are driven to the use of arguments on the merits, which I cannot at all agree in." How true this is of most of Gladstone's Irish policy! During the General Election of 1885, when Mr. Chamberlain was preaching disestablishment and the doctrine of ransom, and Gladstone was endeavouring to keep the peace between him and the Whigs, the Duke wrote: "The fundamentals of personal liberty, and of property, and of legislative authority, are now all thrown into the crucible of discussion, and the worst heresies are now taught by the men whom you are to lead. 'Let us postpone this', is the word of command now. I don't think this is possible, nor, if it were possible, do I think it enough. Men's minds are being led to consider certain proposals as 'open questions' which ought to be as much 'closed' as the Decalogue." So disgusted was this free and clear thinker by the trend of events that he finally became a complete cynic in politics. "Every item of Liberal policy for many years has been taken up under the pressures and inducements of some party move. You know it was so with the Whigs about Protection in Peel's time. It has been so ever since; avowedly so in respect of the county franchise. . . . Rosebery expressed it with beautiful simplicity when he said in some speech this year, 'Whatever wave of public opinion we see advancing, for Heaven's sake let us be on the crest of it!' And this is called leadership. . . . Month by month I became more and more uncomfortable, feeling that there was no paramount direction, nothing but slip and slide—what Scotchmen call 'slithering'."

MOGRÉB STILL.

"Morocco of To-day. Crowned by the French Academy." By Eugène Aubin. London: Dent. 1906. 8s. net.

IN France, to approach a book crowned by the French Academy, without due reverence, would be like going up to a saint and bonneting him with his halo. Did we not know the book was a good and well-written book (having read it in French) we confess we should have been prejudiced against it, so much does the mind of Anglo-Saxon man revolt from royal roads to anything and so apt is it to view with suspicion the approbation or disapprobation of bodies corporate. We the great discerning and intelligent public like to crown our own authors, but not with laurel leaves. Our method is that of the numismatist, who only valued coins struck in the present and preceding reigns. In spite however of the crown and air of favouritism which somehow crowning gives, the book is excellent. In fact it is the most complete book of its kind upon the subject, of to-day. The author who was ignorant of Arabic, and only passed six months or so in the Mogréb, cannot pretend to knowledge of the people and the land, such as that to which Mr. Meakin or

Mr. Harris has attained. He has no grace of style, as Loti, in his "Au Maroc", has, nor has he penetrated, after the fashion of Foucauld or Benitez, at the danger of his life, amongst the wilder tribes. Naturally he does not challenge competition with the learned German lawyer, Dr. Vassel, who has written on Moorish law better than any Cadi in the land. But if the present book is unpretentious (all but its crown) it forms the best account yet written of the machinery of government at Fez and of the personnel of the chief ministers of state. The chapter on administration and the way in which the various tribes furnish their quota to the army (or did so, before the present reign) is masterly, and that upon society in Fez is excellent, furnishing details which show the author did not lose his time with Europeans but went at once right to the fountain-head amongst the Moors. He had the advantage of the services of Si Kaddur ben Ghabrit, an Algerian dragoman of great intelligence in the French governmental service, and thus collected information which to an ordinary traveller would have been quite beyond his reach. Moreover at the time he lived in Fez (from February 1903 until the end of August of the same year) France was the Power which bulked the largest in the public eye, and Orientals of all kinds are special worshippers of the sun rising, and see as if by instinct when the smallest cloud springs up and drifts across its face. His travels up and down the country, from Tangier to Morocco City, up to the castle of the Glau in the Atlas and his due visit as befits a Frenchman to Wazán, are well described, but are not interesting to those who have read in English the books of Messrs. Meakin, Harris, Bensusan, and a hundred others, who know the country well.

Still it is nice, in these days of comfortable butchering sport, when no one travels anywhere but to make "bags", taking his "batterie de cuisine" and his valet with him, and sitting down in evening clothes (dinner-jacket, not the claw-hammer coat) after the slaughter and the photograph depicting the sportsman (usually of a meanish presence) with his splay-foot upon a dead giraffe, to find a man who cares for nature for herself. He talks of "the long journeys on horseback through a country of perpetual flowers; the camp pitched at sunset on the spot gained by the day's ride . . . nothing could have been better suited to bring out that incomparable charm possessed by Morocco for those who find in movement and in struggle the supreme joy of their lives". This is the spirit of a really civilised man, the animal of whom one hears so much, but seldom sees in this, the world of cant.

The book, when it appeared in French two or three years ago, was in a way more valuable than now. All seemed to point to the disruption of Morocco, and to the ruin of its Government. The apple appeared ripe and just about to fall into the lap of France. The Pretender seemed to be gaining ground, and Fez itself was ready for revolt. Since then, all has turned out quite differently from what a reasonable man might have predicted judging by events. The Pretender has lost ground. The tribes that formerly supported him have fallen away, and he himself is said to tax those tribes who have remained, as heavily as did the Sultan, and they are ready to rebel. Besides, rebellions which do not progress, are doomed to failure, in the same way a tide when it has reached its height is bound to ebb. The French from being the most influential Power have lost all prestige with the Moors, and the much talked-of conference at Algeciras appears to have but given the Government another lease of life.

With these exceptions which but point once more to the great danger of all prophecy, the book is highly valuable to careful students of the old-world and Oriental polity which for a thousand years has been pursued at Fez. All other Moslem States have come to some extent under the influence of the European Powers; their customs have been lost; even the style of letters and address are altered to the requirements of the times. A letter written by a Cairene Arab when translated reads more or less as would a letter written by a European, but written in Morocco it could figure in the pages of the "Arabian Nights", or any other Oriental story written a thousand years ago, both as to phrasing and to words. But in the com-

position of its Government, Morocco is as archaic to the full as in its letter-writing. Offices, now forgotten everywhere, here flourish, and the whole system, with all its curious names of officers and curious functions are fully dealt with by the writer of the book. In reading it a man may learn exactly how the Government was carried on in Córdoba, Granada, Seville, in all the various Moslem States of Spain, and how most probably the caliphs at Damascus ruled, lived and passed their lives. By studying the chapters on the "Makhzen", a man may make himself acquainted with the method by means of which Morocco and her Sultans have kept the world of Europe at arm's length for centuries, and at the same time contrived to invest their court with so much prestige in the natives' eyes that its least word was law. This and the fact of the half-sacred character the Sultan bears have made all negotiations so impossible; and it is well to understand that Orientals only respect force, and before using it, Europe might pause to think whether after all she has a right to force our way of life, of which the hatred between classes and the unemployed are two of the most salient symptoms, on the protesting Moors.

No one who reads the book of which we treat can shut it without curiosity about a system and a polity so different from our own. No one can say the people who have evolved a theory and a form of government, so complicated, and on the whole so well adapted to the land in which they live, are savages. Luckily the writer of the book is not consumed by that strange zeal for reformation which besets so many men abroad, who in their homes are staunch conservatives, and pass their days lamenting that the stocks have disappeared and Bridewell and the Fleet have been pulled down, by an encroaching age, bereft of reverence for the past. He satisfies himself with writing soberly (as usually a Frenchman does) and without sentiment, upon things as he sees them, and whilst he marks the evident decay into which all has fallen throughout the land he is not ready straight to apply his earthquake-healing pill, after the fashion of those brethren who can see nothing good that is not forged on their own little pewter anvils, either at Brixton, or at Asnières.

A NEW HISTORY OF EGYPT.

"Ancient Records of Egypt." Vols. I.-IV. By J. H. Breasted. Chicago: University Press; London: Luzac. 1906. 12s. 6d. each.

"A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest." By J. H. Breasted. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906.

AND still they come! Before we have had time to read and digest one history of Pharaonic Egypt, another appears with a claim to popular favour. The latest, however, is the work of a well-known and well-trained Egyptologist who has more than a usual right to speak at first hand. And it does not come alone. Like Mommsen's famous "History of Rome" Professor Breasted's "History of Egypt" is accompanied by pièces justificatives in the shape of four volumes of "Ancient Records" in which he gives translations and full descriptions of his historical materials. The plan is an excellent one; while the history itself is not encumbered with philological or palaeographic discussions which are useless to the historian or ordinary reader, those who would test the Professor's statements and know upon what they are based will find all that they want in a separate and convenient form. The "Ancient Records of Egypt", extending from the old to the latest empires, were a happy idea of the late Principal Harper of Chicago which has been ably realised by Professor Breasted.

The translator has endeavoured to make his work as perfect as possible by collating the published texts of the inscriptions with the originals. What he says about the difficulty of copying ancient inscriptions correctly and the inaccuracies of the published copies of them is unfortunately too true. An inaccurate translation of an historical inscription of Egypt or Assyria is usually the result of an inaccurate

copy of the text. But the same is the case also with other ancient records, even with the Old Testament. Where the English version of an Old Testament passage makes no sense we may be pretty sure that it is the Hebrew text that is at fault. As a matter of fact, no human work is infallible, not even that of a modern Egyptologist. Professor Breasted himself cannot claim inerrancy, however much he may have improved upon his predecessors. And with increased knowledge of a language and a system of writing, improvement is inevitable. But up to the last where the text is difficult to read, an element of uncertainty in the reading will remain. In history, however, for practical purposes the uncertainty is generally unimportant, as the example of the Old Testament will show; in most cases the general sense of a passage is not affected by the uncertainties of a particular reading; it is only where proper names and dates are involved that absolute accuracy becomes a question of prime importance.

During the last decade our knowledge of early Egyptian history has been revolutionised by the discoveries of archaeology. Hardly had Professor Erman announced that "the age of discovery was past" and that the Egyptologist had henceforth only to devote himself to a study of grammar, when the new era began. The monuments of the first two dynasties were laid bare, with all their startling revelations in the way of art, script and culture; the Egyptians who had been denied "the historical sense" were found to have kept a careful chronological record from the earliest epoch of their history; and behind recorded history a long antecedent "prehistoric" period has come to light which archaeology is making as well known to us as the historic period itself.

Of all this Professor Breasted has made full use. Little seems to have escaped his notice, and the story is put together out of it in a pleasant and readable way. That he is a philologist rather than an archaeologist is indeed evident, but the archaeological evidence is treated with completeness and sound judgment. And on the philological side there is no other history of ancient Egypt except the well-known one of Brugsch which gives the monumental facts in such detail or with so much authority. The account of the religious revolution under the Heretic King of the Eighteenth Dynasty is especially noteworthy. Altogether Professor Breasted's book is one of the best histories of ancient Egypt that have yet been put into the hands either of the student or of the general public.

Its value is enhanced by the numerous illustrations which accompany the text. They have been selected with great care, they are mostly photographs, and many of them, whether as works of art or as scientific aids, are above praise. In themselves they indicate a complete knowledge of the subject which they are intended to illustrate.

Unfortunately Professor Breasted has adopted the impossible date of "The Berlin School" for the Twelfth Dynasty. If the statement in the Kahun papyri, that the feast of the rising of Sothis took place in the eighth month of a particular year of that dynasty, could be interpreted only in one fashion, it would be preferable to throw back the chronology of the event by a whole Sothic period. But a discovery recently made proves that there was no fixed calendar at the time, and this latest attempt to determine Egyptian chronology by astronomical help thus goes the way of its predecessors. Egyptologists seldom seem to understand that unless we already know the year from other sources, the absence of the minute accuracy of observation demanded by science prevents it from being fixed by means of a mere reference to an astronomical event. In a future edition of the history the dates preceding the rise of the Eighteenth Dynasty should be all revised, or better suppressed. For the Eighteenth Dynasty the chronology is settled within twenty or thirty years through the synchronisms established in the Tell el-Amarna letters with the Assyro-Babylonian dates.

In his description of the kingdom of Upper Egypt Professor Breasted has interchanged the relative positions of Nekhen and Nekheb. Nekhen or Hierakonpolis was not only the royal palace but also the capital, whereas Nekheb, the modern El-Kab, was merely the

fortress-sanctuary which protected the Nile end of the road to the Red Sea. Nor is it probable that Memphis derived its name of "White Wall" from the fact that it was the capital of "the White Kingdom" of the north. It is more likely that the name was due to the whitewash with which the city walls were decorated. Nekhen was also called "White", and Nekhen certainly had nothing to do with the "White Kingdom". "Kallimma-Sin", again, as the name of a Babylonian king, is non-existent and owes its origin to a faulty copy of the Tell el-Amarna tablets. And we must protest against Manetho's reference to the power of the Assyrians in Palestine at the time of the Hyksos conquest of Egypt being entitled "absurd". Bearing in mind that in Greek writers from Herodotus onwards "Assyrian" means Babylonian, it is Professor Breasted's system of chronology which is absurd. Under the First Dynasty of Babylon (that is to say from B.C. 2300) the Babylonian empire extended to the frontiers of Egypt, and it was not until the Kassite conquest of Babylonia (B.C. 1800) that the empire came to an end. When, therefore, the Hyksos entered the valley of the Nile about B.C. 2100 the dominant power in Canaan was that of Babylonia, and a very formidable power it was. The traces of the Twelfth Dynasty found at Gezer in southern Palestine must necessarily go back to an age antecedent to that of the First Dynasty of Babylon.

THE CONVERSION OF IRELAND.

"The Life and Writings of S. Patrick," with Appendices, &c. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: Gill; Sealy, Bryers and Walker. 10s. net.

"Early Christian Ireland" (Epochs of Irish History). By Eleanor Hull. London: Nutt. Dublin: Gill. 2s. 6d. net.

If we have delayed our notice of Archbishop Healy's very interesting "Life of S. Patrick", we would plead that it is no light task to master a book of over seven hundred pages, largely concerned with the examination of very difficult and obscure details, to which the publishers have not provided an index. We discussed Professor Bury's book on the same subject fully last autumn, so we need not dwell now upon the main features of the saint's career. But we confess that we do not understand Dr. Healy's attitude towards the work of his fellow-student. Until we reached page 536 of the present volume we had no reason to think the Archbishop had ever heard of the Professor, but at that point he is cited as holding an untenable view on the date of S. Patrick's death. Dr. Healy, conservative in this as in other matters, thinks that S. Patrick died at the age of 120 in 493. Dr. Bury gives excellent reasons (which his opponent ignores) for placing the event in 461, when, he considers, Patrick was 72 years of age. One of the most valuable points in his work is his clear explanation how it came about that Patrick was credited by early authorities with the same number of years as Moses. Both writers accept the year 432—for which the authority is conclusive—as the date of the beginning of Patrick's mission in Ireland. But Dr. Healy is so attached to the 120-year-long life that he seriously argues that Patrick could not have died (scilicet at 120) about 461, because in that case he must have been over eighty when he began to preach in Ireland! This question is a crucial point, and for any subsequent writer to ignore the close train of reasoning by which Professor Bury reaches his conclusions is simply to put himself out of court as a critical authority. It is a minor matter that Dr. Healy gives a biographical sketch of Sen Patrick (Old Patrick) without referring to the weighty reasons for believing that person to have been a figment. We are confident of the Archbishop's sincerity in upholding the traditional versions, but it is significant of the public which presumably is addressed in his pages that he thinks it unnecessary to notice the arguments of a first-rate authority.

The book, in fact, is hagiological more than biographical, and as an account of the traditions and

legends which centre round the Apostle of Erin it has great charm. Dr. Healy follows the missionary journeys of the Saint with loving care, and his very full knowledge of Irish archaeology and topography enables him to reconstruct the story in a vivid manner. He hardly lays sufficient stress on the lateness of most of the Lives on which he draws, and we cannot help feeling that, just as late interpolations were made into the Homeric Catalogue of Ships to satisfy the vanity of certain Greek cities, so many districts in Ireland laid unfounded claims to the honour of a visit from the patron Saint. It is odd, by the way, that, according to the Dictionary of National Biography, Patrick was never formally canonised by the Church, and it is a pity that Dr. Healy does not mention this point.

The Archbishop treats the miraculous side of Patrick's life (largely resting on a work written perhaps five hundred years later) in a manner which, if we cannot always agree with him, claims respect for its dignity and judgment. He recognises the fact of late unfounded accretions, and refuses to credit the saint with the aimless vindictiveness attributed to him by mediæval writers. Patrick came to convert the Irish, not to coerce them. The appendices contain an excellent translation of S. Patrick's writings, and Dr. Healy is at his best when writing of the social and political conditions which confronted the missionary. We wish that he had gone more fully into the question of Irish paganism: M. d'Arbois de Jubainville has thrown light on Keltic religion, but our knowledge of it is still meagre. We know more, however, of the struggle between paganism and Christianity in Ireland than in most countries beyond the Roman Empire, and Dr. Healy's first-hand acquaintance with middle-Irish would probably enable him to treat this interesting subject to great advantage. The controversy between S. Patrick and the resuscitated Ossian forms one of the most delightful episodes in Irish literature, and the dialogues certainly preserve the attitude of the unconverted towards the new creed. How deeply primitive beliefs have tintured popular Irish religion is known to all students. A century after Patrick S. Columba in a fine hymn exclaims "Christ is my Druid"! The Church, in fact, consecrated beliefs which she could not eradicate, but the process is more easily traced in Ireland than elsewhere.

This conflict of Christianity with paganism is admirably sketched in Miss Hull's little book, which covers the period between Patrick's advent and the Norse invasions of the ninth century. She does not attempt to discuss controversial points, but she gives a delightful account of such figures as S. Patrick, S. Brigit, and S. Columba. Her book is based on study at first-hand, but she uses with success (and with full acknowledgment) the work of recent writers. Her chapters on the architecture and art of early Ireland are fascinating, and all who have seen the wonderful illumination wrought by Irish monks in their copies of the Gospel, or have fallen under the spell of the mysterious Round Towers, will be glad to possess a little book which presents so much learning in such an attractive form. Dr. Healy speaks scornfully of the notion that writing was unknown in pagan Ireland, though the question cannot be solved on the high *a priori* ground. But of the devotion to learning of early Christian Ireland there is no doubt, and Miss Hull's account of the traces of Irish clerics on the Continent should attract many readers to whom the larger works on the subject are inaccessible.

NOVELS.

"Lady Baltimore." By Owen Wister. London: Macmillan. 1906. 6s.

While we are grateful to Mr. Wister for his picture of "Kings Port the retrospective, Kings Port the belated, . . . the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America", we must protest against his complacent assumption that the general public outside America is interested in unending persistent conversations about subtle diversities in American character, the differences between North and South, and

between the "yellow rich" and the aristocratic poor. There is something irritating in the reiterated insistence on the charm and "gentlemanliness" of the young Southerner whose love adventure forms what there is of consecutive happening in the tale, and still more exasperating is the dilatory development of that love affair, and the late appearance of the much talked-of Hortense Rieppé, a magnificent type of minx, very successful, very fascinating but a detestable example of the climber. The atmosphere of the book is peculiarly attractive, with its subdued light, and suggested faint perfume as of faded roses, its old-world manner, and the setting of quaint houses and shaded picturesque streets. Owen Wister displays as before the delicacy of touch, the clear precise treatment of ideas, the felicity and grace of expression which make his writing distinguished and admirable, but his material is this time too scanty, and his dissertations seem tedious and complicated to the point of mystification.

"The Pathway of the Pioneer." By Dolf Wyllarde. London: Methuen. 1906. 6s.

There is an increasing number of girls of gentle birth whom the catastrophes or improvidence of their parents have forced to wrest a living from the world. The fortunes of seven such girls are traced in this volume, with a skill and power which command the reader's interest and sympathy to a very great degree. These girls are individual and real; they are, indeed, alive. We feel for their sorrows and their tragedies, we rejoice in their occasional successes. It is clear that the author writes about a world which she knows through and through. Against one danger only would we like to warn her. If you brood exclusively over the grievances and hardships of any one class, you are in danger of forgetting that other classes have their hardships too.

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."

Flair Chaldecott, the cleverest and in some ways the most attractive of the seven girls, goes too far when she asserts that "everything is made easy for men" who have to earn a living. She and her friends, moreover, had independence and good-fellowship, for which many girls in a better social position sigh in vain. We commend most heartily the naturalness, the poignancy and the sincerity of "The Pathway of the Pioneer".

"Simple Annals." By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). London: Longmans. 1906. 6s.

Mrs. Blundell continues to show amazing versatility and to maintain a remarkably level standard. Her latest volume contains fourteen stories all turning on "the lives of working women", and though they touch no depths of passion or emotion, are instinct with sympathy and kindly humour. The squabbles and reconciliations of a French and a German governess, the romance of a crippled type-writer, the bickerings of old women in an almshouse; such themes require a delicate touch, and under Mrs. Blundell's hands become delightful. Her sketch of "The Philanthropist and the

(Continued on page 796.)

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Unit", in which a man accustomed to dealing with humanity in masses is confronted with the most exasperating kind of feminine helplessness, is one of the most amusing short stories we have seen for some time.

"Rowena." By Agnes Giberne. London: Laurie. 1906. 6s.

A flavour of mild excitement is imparted to Miss Giberne's story by the introduction of a very dull and unconvincing "gentleman burglar", but the plot is chiefly concerned with an equally dull and unconvincing old professor of history who is "possessed of unlimited information" and his learned daughter. Little bits of pious reflection are dotted about in a spasmodic fashion, and there is a chilly uninteresting love story, enlivened by one or two caricature sketches of middle-class life.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Rome: a Practical Guide to Rome and its Environs." By E. Reynolds-Ball. London: Black. 1906. 2s. 6d.

"Rome." By W. Taylor Field. London: Brimley Johnson. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Museums and Ruins of Rome." By W. Ameling and H. Holtzinger. London: Duckworth. 1906. 10s. net.

If it were worth while to attempt a classification of foreign tourists with the care which one would devote to molluscs, one can imagine the curious statistician achieving his object well enough by a simple observation of the books with which they seek to qualify themselves to tread on famous ground. Every such purchase is no doubt respectable, denoting some desire, however dim, to discover what may be worth knowing at the goal of travel; yet if we consider the present group of works on Rome, how widely different appear the minds for which they are produced! Here is Mr. Reynolds-Ball, indefatigable smoother of the woes of tourists, replete with common sense, intent chiefly on the care of his reader's body, sedulous to save him from fatigue, warning him quite admirably how to see all Rome without thought or effort, and admonishing him where to buy a toothbrush cheaply. None need go hungry, or waste money at a restaurant, who buy the work of Mr. Reynolds-Ball. He tells them how to register their luggage, and where to buy the "Daily Mail". His book is thus invaluable, and his reward will doubtless be commensurate. Next comes Mr. Field, whose objects are more lofty, and whose language fits them. His appeal is to the soul. When he travels in a railway carriage he is "incarcerated"; and he cannot sit down on the Pincian without slipping back into the days of the Emperor Antoninus, and informing you that the spot on which you sit is "a quiet nook in the gardens of Manius Acilius Glabrio, consul." Mr. Reynolds-Ball never tired one like this, nor did he occupy time in speculations as to whether Moses ever stood beneath the obelisk now erected in the Piazza del Popolo, or call on you to imagine the details of a Roman chariot race held in the Circus Maximus two thousand years ago. We prefer the material good sense of Mr. Reynolds-Ball to Mr. Field's sentiment; but is either exactly in place in Rome? Lastly comes by good luck a handbook of the kind which increases knowledge, and affronts no feeling. It is written with comprehension, and is therefore sober in its style. It is permeated with the historical sense, and conveys it to the reader. It is a book of clearcut thoughts and clearer sentences, setting in the hand of the traveller a thread which will guide him through the maze of antiquities in Rome and lead him to at least some sound conclusions in the end. Of the two volumes of "The Museums and Ruins of Rome" it is difficult to decide which to praise more highly. They are admirable, both in text and illustrations: and together they constitute probably the best compendium yet produced of the art treasures of the mother city of the world.

The Sixpenny Ruskin.

Ruskin, utterly opposed as on first thought most of his writing, art and ethical, seems to the practice of England, is none the less becoming a branch of English education. The wonderful and constantly growing figures of the calculation of some of his books are one sure sign of this: "Sesame and Lilies" getting on fast for a quarter of a million copies dispersed among English people alone, to say nothing of American pirate editions, and "Unto this Last" and "The Crown of Wild Olive" already in something like lively rivalry with it. Who acts up to Ruskin?—scarcely anybody: who reads him?—well, to judge by the popularity of some at least of his books, almost every really educated English person. A few years ago hardly anything by Ruskin could be bought for a smaller sum than six shillings; lately "Sesame and Lilies" has been produced in a shilling form with several other volumes at the same price; whilst the pocket edition of Ruskin, volumes for the most part at half a

crown, is by no means finished yet. But Mr. Allen has lately ventured on a sixpenny edition of Ruskin. Years ago it would have been treason to hint at such a possibility; but we believe that Ruskin himself, if he had seen these little sixpenny books for the waistcoat, almost the ticket-pocket, would have approved heartily of them. We have received nine of these booklets at present: "Liberty and Government", "Religion", "Girldhood", "Woman and Dress", "Education and Youth", "The Dignity of Man", "On Vulgarity", "Maxims", and "Art". Each holds from fifty to sixty pages of matter well printed on sound paper, and bound simply and serviceably. There is no display of editorial or biographical matter—nothing on the title-pages indeed but the name of the book and the name of the series—but it is clear enough that each little volume has been chosen and arranged by a highly competent student—one, there is little doubt, who was long in touch with Ruskin himself. There is no careless snippet work in this series, but each booklet really sets forth the essence of what Ruskin thought and wrote on the great themes and problems of life. There are to be in all eleven volumes in the first series of these "Ruskin Treasures". A second series now being prepared will treat wholly of literature, what Ruskin thought and wrote of the Bible, Shakespeare and the English poets, the Greek poets, the Latin poets and Dante.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juin. 3 fr.

The unwearied M. Ollivier continues his articles on the history of the nineteenth century, for that is what by this time they have become. He deals here with the Spanish Revolution of 1868 and its intimate connexion with the unequal duel between Bismarck and Napoleon III. An article "Le Tsarisme et les partis révolutionnaires" is interesting and seems documenté. M. Charmes is more than usually instructive and penetrating on the French politics of the day. He notes one good sign at least with regard to the Sarrien Ministry, it is far more master in its own house than were its predecessors. It would appear from the discourse of M. Poincaré that it has a mind of its own and a policy. The point to note now is the development of the relations between Radicals and Socialists. The former distinctly had the best of it during the elections and they will carry their measures. The amusing thing will be to watch the attitude of the Socialists who dare not oppose them or say openly that half a loaf is worse than no bread. M. Charmes thinks the Ministry is too much one of All the Talents.

For this Week's Books see page 798.

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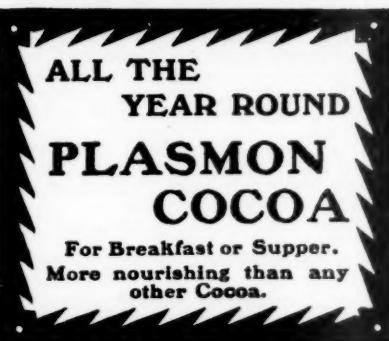
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